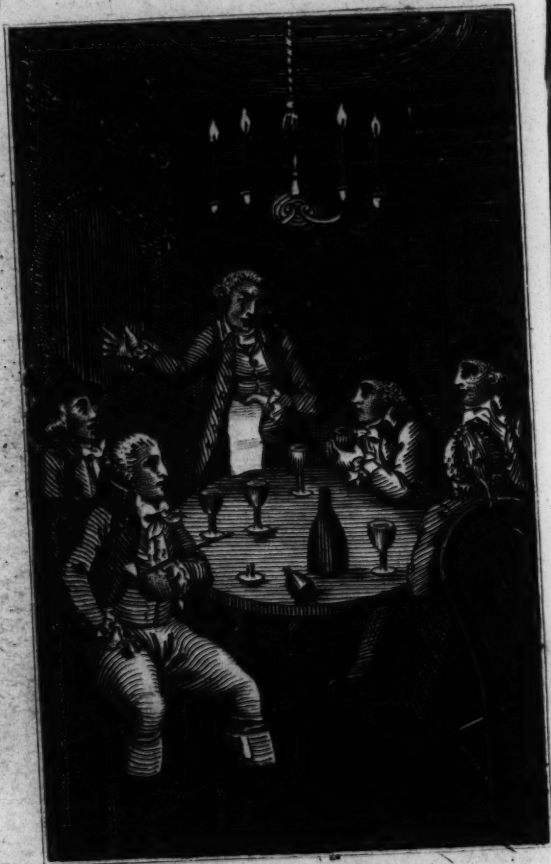


J. Robinson his book 1801.



J. Robinson.

THE
Songsters' Companion,
A Choice
COLLECTION,
of more than Two Hundred
Modern Songs,
To which is added, a Selection of
TOASTS & SENTIMENTS.

TWELFTH EDITION.

Enlarged and Improved.

COVENTRY.

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Redwood, Wilkinson & Mountford, P. Oriel,

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(Price One Shilling.)



15-11-78

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THE
Songster's Companion.

I'LL DO SO NO MORE.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

THE moon with silver beam just darted o'er
the plain,

When by yon murm'ring stream I met my
fav'rite swain;

He rudely snatch'd a kiss, and when "dear
maid" he cry'd,

"Shall Strephon have the bliss, to call An-
nette his bride."

Said I, with an air, "such nonsense forbear;

Do, prithee, this teasing give o'er:"

He made a slight bow, crying—" Pardon me
now,

And trust me, I'll do so no more."

Just at that moment Sue tripp'd by with win-
ning grace,

When to the girl he flew, and kiss'd her 'fore
my face :

" Let's leave yon forward elf, my gentle Sue,"
he cry'd,

I cou'd have hung myself, I thought I shou'd
have died.

Prest by my fears, I burst into tears,

. And thus I my follies deplore,

" I've offended my swain, wou'd he come back
again,

Indeed, I wou'd do so no more.

My accents caught his ear, and rival'd Susan's
charms,

Cry'd he, " suppress thy tears," then caught
me in his arms,

" Say, shall the rising day behold Annette my
wife?"

O! cou'd I say him " No!" Not I, upon my
life.

My mother cry'd " Fye!" " Dear
- mother, said I,

" 'Tis only what you've done before ;

" And since 'tis no crime, forgive me this time,

" And trust me, I'll do so no more."

THE FLITCH OF BACON.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

SINCE Dick and Nell were man and wife,
 They lov'd each other dearly ;
 Their days had all been free from strife,
 And time had glided chearly
 They thought of all the wedded throng,
 Their plea must first be taken ;
 So cheek by jowl they jogg'd along,
 To claim the flitch of bacon.

Now, on the road, says Dick to Nell,
 " If things are manag'd fairly ;
 In future we'll do passing well—
 Odibobs, we'll guttle rarely !
 We ne'er have quarrell'd day or night,
 So faith, I'm much mistaken,
 If e'er a pair have half the right
 To claim the flitch of bacon."

" My dear," says Nell, " to sell the flitch,
 Do let me now persuade ye ;

B

'Twill help to make you mainly rich,
 And I so fine a lady.
 So say no more, but let the prize
 To market straight be taken,
 For sure 'twill prove us monstrous wise,
 To sell the flitch of bacon."

Now each persisting, tit for tat,
 On their respective cases,
 They fought at last like dog and cat,
 And scratch'd each other's faces.
 Thus those who strive to gut their fish,
 Before 'tis safely taken,
 Like Dick and Nell oft spoil their dish,
 Who lost the flitch of bacon.

WHEN THE TRUMPET'S WILD BLAST.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin.

WHEN the trumpet's wild blast, and the
 cannon's loud roar,
 Call'd her olive's dear branch from Britannia's
 shore;
 When her veteran sons, whom experience
 made wise,
 Gave discord to death, and their fame to the
 skies;

See the Volunteer bands, from the plough
and the court,
Round their monarch all rally, and urge their
support ;
And inspir'd (as by magic) with instant accord,
Poise the lance, mount the firelock, or flourish
the sword.

But of Volunteer corps, the true list is not
told,
For another remains, which shall soon be en-
roll'd,
Have full pay, and free quarters, with rou-
leaus of coin,
And fear no forc'd marches, if soldiers will
join.

To the sign of the sigh, new troops daily
come,
And the pulse of the heart is our regiment's
drum ;
From a standard so lovely, what woman cou'd
part,
For our rendezvous house is—the soldier's
brave heart.

On the man who can fight, and the maid who
can love,
May her Venus descend with sceptre and
dove,

May George rule our hearts, may his fleets
rule our shore,
And Britons be Britons, till time is no more!

THE SOLDIER'S STRUGGLE.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

CEASE, cease, these sighs I cannot bear ;
Hark ! hark ! the drums are calling !
Oh ! I must chide that coward tear,
Or kiss it, as 'tis falling.

Eliza, bid thy soldier go,
Why thus my heart strings sever ?
Ah ! be not then my honour's foe,
Or I am lost for ever.

Trust benevolence above,
With mind resign'd and steady :
He'll never wound, believe me, love,
The hearts that's broke already.

Serene yon dreadful field I see,
Whatever fate betide me ;
Thy shelter Innocence shall be,
And I've no wish beside thee.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Air.—The Mill, Mill, O.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,
 That had been blear'd with mourning.

I left the lines, and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor but honest foldier.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheerly on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon her witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
 Where early life I sported,
 I pass'd the mill, and tryfing thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted.

Wha spied I but mine ain dear maid
 Down by her mother's dwelling!
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
O! happy, happy, may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom.

My purse is light, I've far to gang,
Fain wad I be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my King and country lang;
Take pity on a soldier.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier grew than ever;
Quo' she, a soldier ance I lo'ed,
Forget him I shall never.

Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake o't,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
You're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose,
Syne pale like only lily,
She sunk within mine arms, and cried,
Art thou mine ain dear Willie?

By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man!—and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted,

Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 And mailin' plenish'd fairly ;
 Come, then, my faithful soldier lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor ;
 But glory is the soldier's prize,
 The soldier's wealth is honour.

The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger ;
 Remember, he's his country's stay,
 In day and hour of danger.

SANDY TOLD HIS TALE OF LOVE.

Sung by Miss Howells.

WHEN Sandy told his tale of love,
 I knew na' what to do,
 For mither did not him approve,
 But I did much him loo.
 I told her, but it ga'e me pain,
 I wad hae him or none,
 And soon at Kirk, acro's the plain,
 The parson made us one.
 Ever jocund a' the day,
 Nae a bonny bride sae gay,

Sandy pipes, I dance and sing,
While the merry bells do ring,
Ting ding, ding, ding, ding, ding.

My mither did wi' anger burn,
To hear that I wa' wed,
She vow'd (and did me from her spurn)
She ne'er wou'd give me bread;
For much she doubted Sandy's truth,
But when his worth she knew,
She cried, I will embrace the youth,
For now I ken he's true.
Ever jocund, &c.

Wi' Sandy, in a pleasant cot,
Sae happy now I live,
I wou'd na' change my rura' spot,
For a' that man cou'd give;
The empty shew of pride and wealth
We dinna' wish to have,
For we are blest with peace and health,
And nothing more we crave.
Ever jocund, &c.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Sung by Master Gray.

THE flow'rs of the forest in spring time
were gay,
And love heighten'd ev'ry soft pleasure of
May;



My Mary stray'd with me wherever I went,
And my heart was the mansion of peace and
content :

But alas ! she has left me for pastime more
gay,
And the flow'rs of the forest all wither a-
way.

The flow'rs of the forest in spring time were
gay,
And the smile of my Mary gave wings to
the day,

But past are these pleasures, no more to return,
Her charms I adore, and her fallhood I
mourn ;

For alas ! she has left me for pastime more gay,
And the flow'rs of the forest all wither
away.

The flow'rs of the forest in spring time were gay,
Like their fragrance, my bliss and fond hopes
pass away,

Fond hopes which I caught from the glance of
her eye,

Now blighted by sorrow, fade, wither, and
die ;

For alas ! she has left me for pastime more gay,
And the flow'rs of the forest all wither away.

THUS BALMY SLEEP.

Sung by Miss Gray.

THUS balmy sleep distrust beguiles,
Reflection terror would impart;
The face now deck'd in roseate smiles,
Conceals, alas! an aching heart.

Religion vainly did essay
Fair Nature's dictates to reprove;
Too weak, alas! its strongest plea,
Oppos'd to gratitude and love.

Thus balmy sleep distrust beguiles;
Reflection terror would impart;
The face now deck'd in roseate smiles,
Conceals, alas! an aching heart.

HOW BLEST THE BRITISH SAILOR.

Sung by Mr. Denman.

THO' cloudy skies and storms appear,
The sailor's heart is blythe and gay,
No pain he feels, no dangers fear,
But merry sings this roundelay;
When safe on shore,
All cares are o'er,

Where beauty's smile
 Rewards his toil,
 How blest the British sailor.

From love alone my cares arose,
 When late I went more wealth to seek ;
 Like dew-drops on the damask rose,
 The tears look'd bright on Nelly's cheek ;
 Now safe on shore,
 Her cares are o'er,
 Her chearful smile
 Rewards my toil,
 How blest her constant sailor.

The sailor's duty he performs,
 Rewarded by the fair one's love,
 Her smiles are sunshine after storms,
 That clouds of anxious doubt remove ;
 When safe on shore,
 All cares are o'er ;
 When beauty's smile
 Rewards his toil,
 How blest the British sailor.

OH ! MY WILLY, MY WILLY.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin.

I Weel can remember, how can I forget it?
 At Nanny's blithe wedding, when I held
 the glove ;

How my feet they danc'd quick, but my heart
it danc'd quicker,

For Willy was there, and oh ! he was my love,
O my Willy, my Willy, my winsome
Willy.

My heart, how it beats when I luke
upon thee.

My Willy was bonny, his hair was a garden,
Bright, bright were his een when he turn'd them
on me,

Wi' the rose on his cheek, like the blush o' the
morning,

Saying, jenny, now love me, as I can love
thee.

O my Willy, &c.

I lov'd him already, I ken'd na' to jeer him,
For Willy was gude, and my heart was in tune;
I figh'd, and he luk'd, on his knees fell poor
Willy,

The Kirk made us ane, and our wooing was
done.

O my Willy, &c.

THE HAPPY FARMER.

Sung by Mr. Denman.

WHEN the bonny grey morning just peeps
through the skies,
The lark, mounting, tunes his sweet lay ;

With a mind unencumber'd with care I
arise,

My spirits, light, airy, and gay,

I take up my gun, honest Tray, my old
friend;

Wags his tail, and jumps joyfully round;

To the woods then, together, our footsteps we
bend,

'Tis there health and pleasure are found.

I snuff the fresh air, bid defiance to care,

And happy as mortal can be,

From the toils of the great, from ambition
and state,

'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

At noon I delighted range o'er the rich soil,

And labours rough children regale,

With a cup of good home-brew'd I sweeten
their toil,

And laugh at their joke and their tale,

And whether the ripe waving corn I behold,

Or the innocent flocks meet my sight,

Or the orchard, whose fruits are just turning
to gold,

Still, still, health and pleasure unite.

I snuff, &c.

At eve to my humble roof cot I return,

When oh! what new sources of bliss,

My children rush out, while their little hearts
burn,

Each striving to gain the first kiss.

My Dolly appears with a smile on her face,
 Good humour presides at our board;
 What more than health, plenty, good humour
 and peace,
 Can the wealth of the Indies afford?
 I retire to sweet rest, content fills my
 breast,
 As happy, &c.

LOVE's VOLUNTEER.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

THE Nation's so wedded to arms, fame,
 and glory,
 Let me place, ladies, all the danger before ye:
 From Cupid's bright banner the men will de-
 sert
 If longer our power we delay to exert;
 To call out each grace
 Of person and face,
 And use all our arts
 To bring back their hearts.
 Convinc'd of this truth, soldier-like will
 I sally,
 And thus issue forth the men all to rally:
 A female serjeant here I come,
 With a rub-a-dub upon my drum,
 To raise recruits in beauty's cause,
 And bring them up to marriage laws.

Quick to my standard, lads, repair,
And each become Love's Volunteer.

Lords, knights, squires, gents, merchants, cits,
and each farmer,

All, all, are array'd in brave Mars's armour,
With zeal, and with might, at the risk of their
lives,

No doubt they'll defend us, maids, widows, and
wives;

Yet to think but of arms,
What a slight to our charms,
No such rival shall share
Men's hearts with the fair.

Convinc'd, &c. &c.

The whole tribe of phyfic propose now a drill-
ling,

Tho' already skill'd in the science of killing;
And thousands of lawyers their spirits display,
ay, parsons too join in the martial array;

Yet while arms engross
Their hearts to our loss,
Devotion to beauty
They know is their duty!

Convinc'd, &c. &c.

CROSS MY HAND.

CROSS my hand—bright Luna's beams,
Silv'ring yon transparent streams;

As night's witching moments pass,
 Fate reflects in yonder glass:
 That you love full well, I know,
 Warm'd your heart by rapture's glow:
 Cross my hand—this gipsy spell
 Faithful shall your fortunes tell.

Elves and fairies oft delight
 To revel here by sweet moonlight;
 Its presence fills the heart with glee,
 Rising in borrow'd majesty!
 Thrice the tender tale told over
 By the tiny, wooing lover;
 Yon silver orb their fate foretold,
 Emblem of Hymen's orb of gold.

Oft Dan Cupid plays such tricks,
 His votaries seem lunatics,
 Striving wantonly to prove
 Madness is allied to love!
 But bright Hymen's dictates tell
 There reason is in loving well;
 When affection's pair agree,
 In emulous fidelity.

O'ER THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAINS.

O'ER the top of the mountains the sun
 down was gliding,
 And softly fond breezes mellifluous blowing

On their turf feather-beds ev'ry flock was reſi-
ding,

And I o'er the hills ſcarce knew where I
was going :

When oh ! 'twas't the voice of the lark that
came over me,

Nor the nightingale's ſong from my trance did
recover me !

But the notes of a piper who dron'd in the
glade ;

Dtheeliſh Noreen-beg was the ditty he play'd :
Oh ! the lambkins and kids his train ſoon ſet
a prancing,

And oh ! to jig tune, heart and feet both were
dancing,

With a fa la lal ra, lul loo, ral loo !

To the ſilent retreat, where he blew loud, ad-
vancing,

The tale of true love on his pipe ſweetly tu-
ning,

Our eyes chanc'd to meet as aſide they were
glancing,

And abſent, unthinking, his preſence I ſtood
in :

The meeting, our hearts in a moment tranſ-
ported,

For I was the girl Pat a long time had courted :

He again whisper'd love, for my hand fondly
 pray'd,
 Dtheelish Noreen-beg was the ditty he play'd;
 "To our wedding," says he, Echo! voice is
 assenting,
 I reply'd; "No"—but silence, you know,
 means consenting.
 With a fa la la, &c.

LOVER'S VOWS.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

YOU ask me, sweet maid, if my vows are
 sincere,
 And call for some proof of my love;
 Still doubting my passion I see but too clear,
 But prithee such fancies remove;
 Or if, as you say, lover's vows are but breath,
 O set me some task to perform;
 And I'll brave it, tho' circled by peril or
 death,
 And smile as I buffet the storm.
 But this, this, believe me, can poorly express
 How truly, how dearly, I love thee.
 Nay bid me some action of enterprize dare,
 'That men, tho' the boldest, would shun,

And whether by water, earth, fire, or air,
I'll do it, if 'tis to be done.

And if still a doubt in your fancy remains,
Injurious to love and to me,

O fetter me more, (if you can) with your
chains,

Nor ever, O no ! set me free.

But this, this, believe me, can poorly express
How truly, how dearly, I love thee.

O let my fond vows some favour obtain,

And pleasure succeed to my toil ;

Accept, then, dear girl, and to banish my pain,

O crown the kind words by a smile.

Ah ! yes, for there's surely a pleasure divine,

In the smile of the girl we adore ;

A promise so soft, that no words can define,

It says that your doubts are no more.

That now you believe what no words can ex-
press,

How truly, how dearly, I love thee.

THO' FOSTER'D IN THE HUMBLE
COT.

THO' foster'd in the humble cot,—

My friends of low degree ;

A higher state I envied not,

While blest with Liberty.

Then sweetly danc'd the hours away,
 What sorrow could I prove?—
 With all to make the bosom gay,
 Sweet Liberty and Love.

But now my heart is full of woe ;
 Ah, well-a-day, poor me !
 The worst of misery to know,—
 The loss of Liberty !

Yet still be calm, my anxious breast ;
 Hope comfort from above !
 Kind Heaven again can make me blest,
 With Liberty and Love.

NANNY OF THE TWEED.

HOW sweet to view the op'ning dawn,
 When Phœbus ushers in the morn !
 How sweet to trace the flowery lawn,
 When blossoms deck the spangled thorn !
 The birds sing sweet o'er hill and grove,
 And sweet's the shepherd's oaten reed,—
 But sweeter far the maid I love,—
 Fair Nanny of the Tweed !

Let heroes fly in quest of fame,
 And dauntless brave the battle's roar ;
 Let statesmen court a gilded name ;
 And sailors roar from shore to shore :—

Dearer to me the hill and grove,
The rural dance and oaten reed,
When wandering with the maid I love,—
Fair Nanny of the Tweed.

What tho' I'm doom'd, alas! by fate,
To tend, each day, my fleecy care,—
Content would crown my lowly state,
If she'd consent my flock to share;
Then blithe I'd sing o'er hill and grove,
And tune with glee my oaten reed;
My days I'd pass in peace and love,
With Nanny of the Tweed!

MY DEARY, O.

JUST where yon burn trots through the
broom,
Amang the birks fae mony, O,
Where gowans glint and blue bells bloom,
And lintwhites sing fae bonny, O,—
A lass there lives, right fair to see,
Wi' gracefu' air enchanting, O,
Whae rose-bud cheek and sparkling e'e
Ha'e set this heart a panting, O.
Her presence mak's me cheery, O,—
Her absence mak's me weary, O;
'Tis my delight, baith day and night,
To gaze upo' my deary, O.

I'd leave the town, and a' its pride,
The seat o' vice and slander, O;
At eve yon burnies flowery side
Wi' my sweet lads to wander, O:
Let fortune shun my lowly cot,
And wealthy sauls frown on me, O,
The fickle jade I'd mind her not,
Would Annie smile upon me, O.

Her presence mak's me cheery, O, &c.

Ye painted prudes, wi' a' your art,
In silk and siller flaunting, O;
Whaife costly claife aft hides a heart,
Where modesty is wanting, O;
My Annie scorns your borrow'd grace,
And, sweet as May-day morning, O,
Bright health blooms on her chearfu' face,
In spite of a' your scorning, O.

Her presence mak's me cheery, O, &c.

YES, BE MERCELESS, THOU TEMPEST
DIRE!

Sung by Mrs. Jordan.

YES, yes, be merciless, thou tempest dire!
Unaw'd, unshelter'd, I thy fury brave!
I'll bare my bosom to thy forked fire,
Let it but guide me to Alonzo's grave!

O'er his pale corse, then, while thy light'nings
glare,
I'll kiss his clay-cold lips, and perish there.

But thou wilt wake again, my boy,
Again thou'lt rise to life and joy,
Thy father never!
Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,
Unconscious that eternal night,
Veils his for ever!

On yon green bed of moss there lies my
child;

O safer lies, from these chill'd arms apart!
He sleeps, sweet lamb! nor heeds the tempest
wild—

O sweeter sleeps, than near this breaking
heart!

Alas! my babe! if thou would'st peaceful
rest,

Thy cradle must not be thy mother's breast—
But thou wilt, &c.

I SIGH FOR HIM WHO LIVES NO—
MORE.

SWEET maid, I heard thy frequent sigh,
And mourn to see thy languid eye;
Forwell I know these symptoms prove,
Thy heart a prey to secret love.

But tho' so hard a fate be thine,
 Think not thy grief can equal mine :
 Hope may thy vanish'd bloom restore ;
 I sigh for him who lives no more !

The youth for whom thy bosom sighs,
 Shall oft delight thy conscious eyes ;
 And oft his voice, in accents sweet,
 Shall friendship's soothing tongue repeat :
 But he for whom my cheek is pale,
 For whom my health and spirits fail,
 Nought to my eyes can e'er restore,
 And I shall hear his voice no more !

Thou, in existence, still canst find
 A charm to captivate thy mind,
 To make the morning ray delight,
 And gild the gloomy brow of night ;
 But Nature's charms to me are fled !
 I nought behold but Henry dead !
 What can my love of life restore ?
 I sigh for him who lives no more !

ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

Sung by Mr. Johannat.

NE'ER yet was a name
 So bandy'd by fame,
 Through air, and through ocean, and through
 land,

As one that is wrote
 Upon ev'ry bank-note—
 And you all must know Abraham Newland.
 O Abraham Newland! notified Abraham
 Newland!

I've heard people say,
 Sham Abraham you may;
 But you must not sham Abraham Newland.

For fashion or arts,
 Should you seek foreign parts,
 It matters not wherever you land;
 From Christian to Greek,
 All your language will speak,
 If the language of Abraham Newland.
 O Abraham Newland! astonishing Abraham
 Newland!

Whatever you lack
 You'll get in a crack,
 By the credit of Abraham Newland.

But, what do you think?—
 Without victuals or drink,
 You may tramp, like the Wandering Jew
 land

From Dublin to Dover,
 Nay, all the world over,
 If a stranger to Abraham Newland.
 O Abraham Newland! wonderful Abraham
 Newland!

Tho' with compliments cramm'd,
You may die and be d——d,
If you have not an Abraham Newland.

The world is inclin'd
To think Justice is blind,
Yet lawyers know well she can view land;
But, Lord! what of that?
She'll blink like a bat
At the sight of friend Abraham Newland.
O Abraham Newland! magical Abraham New-
land!

Tho' Justice, 'tis known,
Can see through a millstone,
She can't see through Abraham Newland.

Your patriots, who bawl
For the good of us all,
And—good souls!—here like mushrooms
they strew land:
But tho' loud as a drum,
Each proves Orator mum,
If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland.
O Abraham Newland! invincible Abraham
Newland!

No argument's found
In the world, half so sound
As the logic of Abraham Newland.

They French say they're coming;
But surely they're humming:—

We know what they want, if they do land,
 But we'll make their ears ring,
 In defence of our King,
 Our Country, and Abraham Newland.
 O Abraham Newland! excellent Abraham
 Newland!
 No tricolour'd elf,
 Nor the devil himself,
 Shall rob us of Abraham Newland.

I'LL BE TRUE TO THEE, LASSIE.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin.

EXCHANGING vows of love and truth,
 Beside a purling stream
 Sat Joe and Jane, in prime of youth,
 And love was all their theme;

Gin ye can loo me, lass, he cry'd,
 And loo but only me,
 Ye soon shall be a bonny bride,
 And I'll be true to thee, lassie.

A wee house o'er the bourn ye see,
 Wi' thatch well cover'd o'er;
 'Twill shelter gi'e to thee and me,
 And what shou'd we want more.
 Gin ye can loo me, &c.

Let others follow fame and wealth,
 For greater joys I sigh;
 I ask of Heaven sweet ease and health,
 With thee to live and die.
 Gin ye can loo me, &c.

I MUST TRY ANOTHER.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

PRITHEE, Sally, speak thy mind—
 Am I the man, or no?
 If I am not, be so kind
 To tell me plainly so.
 If my passion you approve,
 I'm your faithful lover;
 If you can't return my love,
 I must try another.

Pray consider that our prime
 Does very soon decay;
 Think how great would be the crime
 To let it slip away.

Tho' my heart prefers your charms,
 I love to laugh, not cry;
 Tho' it beats with soft alarms,
 For no woman will I die,
 If my passion, &c.

YOUNG WILLIAM SEEKS MY HEART TO MOVE.

Sung by Miss Howells.

YOUNG William seeks my heart to move,
And sighs, and talks so much of love;
He'll hang or drown, I fear it—
Of pangs, and wounds, and pointed darts—
Of Cupid's bow, and bleeding hearts—
I vow I cannot bear it.

He says I'm pretty—mighty well!—
And witty, too—that's better still!—
And sensible, I swear it:
But words, we know, are nought but wind;
Unless he'll freely speak his mind,
I vow I cannot bear it.

The shepherd dances blithe and gay,
And sweetly on the pipe can play;
I own I like to hear it.
But downcasts looks, and hums and haws,
So badly plead a lover's cause,
I vow I cannot bear it.

I wish some friendly nymph or swain,
Would bid the bashful boy speak plain,
I'd wed him, I declare it:
Then pluck up courage, like my sex;
The honest swain no more I'd vex,
But wed him, I declare it.

LET'S BE MERRY TO-DAY.

Sung by Mr. Denman.

TO-MORROW's a cheat, let's be merry
 to-day,
 And to time fill a goblet, 'twill force him to
 stay :
 Who but cowards would e'er at his summons
 repine ?
 Who but cowards would steal from a liquor
 divine ?
 For 'tis wine that can blunt the keen thorn of
 pale sorrow,
 As it moistens the flow'r that may fade ere to-
 morrow.

Since rosy contentment dwells not with the
 great,
 Leave wealth and dull thinking to slaves of
 the state ;
 But let mirth and good-humour our banquet
 still share,
 And wine be our armour against sullen care ;
 For 'tis wine, gen'rous wine, blunts the thorn
 of pale sorrow,
 As it moistens the flow'r that may fade ere to-
 morrow.

To-morrow's a cheat—the blest moment let's
prize;

The sting of reflection age bids us despise:

Come, friendship, then, sweeten the care-
drowning bowl,

That's sacred to love, the delight of the soul;

For 'tis wine that can blunt the keen thorn of
pale sorrow,

As it moistens the flow'r that may fade ere
to-morrow.

A SHEPHERD'S SONG TO VENUS.

O Goddess, descend on our plains,
And enlighten our rustical throng!

To thy altar I offer my strains,

And the graces of Nisida's song.

Bring those charms that give birth to desire,

Nor be thy young Cupids away;

Around these fair scenes we admire,

Let thy graces all negligent stray.

To twine the rude wreath while we rove,

Desirous to place on thy shrine,

O let thy sweet power improve

Our manners, their roughness refine!

Tho' a rustic I live in the fields,

And attend to my pipe and my sheep,

Yet a softness my passion reveals,

That has taught me to sigh and to weep.

POOR MARY.

O’ER the parents of Mary, who live in a
vale,

Now penury flings the dark shade of her veil !
Neglected, forlorn, and all wretched, they
shed

Reciprocal tears upon poverty’s bed.

One child, a sweet girl, was the pride of their
years,

On whom they bestow’d all their love, all their
fears !

When they wept, she would cry, when they
play’d, she would smile ;

And would grieve undiffembling, and laugh
without guile.

If Nature e’er gave to the loveliest face

A lasting impression of infantine grace,

Surely this is the charm by which Mary ex-
cels

All the maids of the green, all the city-bred
belles :

So artless her air, so unstudy’d her mien,

To all she was fairer than Beauty’s bright
Queen :

Her eyes shed a lustre, that caus’d in each
breast

A flame that consum’d, alas ! robb’d it of
rest.

At school she was meek, yet was sprightly and
gay,

And surpass'd all the girls, saving in flirting
and play ;

And—'was strange—when around one such vi-
ces appear,

She could weep with her friend, and her sor-
rows revere !

But, ah ! those proud blasts that blind Fortune
has sent

On the head of her father, with age lowly
bent,

Have forc'd her, all-graceful, all-beauteous, to
yield.

To glean the scarce ear left in Florido's field.

Resolv'd to possess her, he chas'd all her fears :

Her tale she related, all meekness, and tears ;

The wretch yet was gen'rous, he proffer'd her
gold—

To the want of her parents her virtue she
sold :

He press'd to his bosom the weight of her
charms,

and she sunk, all-regardless, in Florido's
arms—

The frenzy is over—her honour is gone !

And who can but weep, since poor Mary's un-
done ?

CRAZY JANE.

By M. Lewis, Esq.

WHY, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
 Are such signs of fear express'd?
 Can a wandering, wretched creature,
 With such terrors fill thy breast,
 Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
 Trust me, sweet! thy fears are vain:
 Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;
 Shun not, then, poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
 Mark me! and avoid my woe:
 When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
 Think them false,—I found them so!
 For I lov'd, oh! so sincerely,
 None could ever love again;
 But the youth I lov'd so dearly
 Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my fond heart receiv'd him,
 Which was doom'd to love but one:
 He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him;
 He was false, and I undone.
 From that hour has reason never
 Held her empire o'er my brain—
 Henry fled, with him for ever
 Fled the wits of Crazy Jane!

Now, forlorn and broken-hearted,
 And with frenzied thoughts beset,
 On that spot where last we parted—
 On that spot where first we met,
 Still I slowly pace the plain,
 Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
 Whilst each passer by, in pity,
 Cries ' God help thee, Crazy Jane !'

THE GHOST OF CRAZY JANE.

THE ev'ning of a summer's day,
 Without a thought to cheer,
 A lovely damsel seem'd to say,
 Why is not Henry here ?
 With trembling steps, and drooping head,
 She slowly cross'd the plain ;
 Her hopeless heart, she often said,
 Shed tears for Crazy Jane.

For love deserted, broken vows
 Of false and perjur'd man,
 She did the fickle god accuse,
 Which could her heart trepan ;
 The dusky night began to draw
 Its influence o'er the main ;
 She starts, she looks, she surely saw
 The Ghost of Crazy Jane.

Now trembling at the awful scene,
 She saw the spectre move ;

And, gently gliding o'er the green,
 Soon lost it in the grove,
 There, wandering 'midst the lonely wood,
 With sadness in her train,
 'Tis often seen, in direful mood,
 The Ghost of Crazy Jane.

AIR.

TO see the fair bride go back to her coach,
 With a jiggity jiggity, trip on her pretty
 toe ;
 While fingers, and ringers, and fiddlers ap-
 proach,
 With their screaming, squeaking,
 Rhyming, chyming,
 Tippity, tippity, tweedle-tway.
 Such ringing and linging, such routing and
 shouting !
 Such screaming and squeaking, such rhyming
 and chiming !
 So, hey for the mirth of a wedding day !
 The old on their crutches are crouding the
 door,
 With niddity, niddity, diddling doodle, oh !
 The young with their crotchets are running
 before,
 With squeaking, screaming,
 Brisking, frisking.

Tippity, trippity, giggling gay,
Such routing and shouting, such ringing and
singing !
Such squeaking and screaming, such whisking
and frisking !

So, hey for the mirth of a wedding day !

Alas, alas !

All this must pass.

How happy for life were a man to be sure,
If the dear wedding day could for ever en-
dure !

Who'd think that so blest'd and so lovely a
pair,

Would e'er with the parson—I will not say
where !

Who'd think it ! O rare !

To see the fair one, &c.

HOLIDAY TIME.

Tune—*The Pyeman.*

OH ! health and long life to you all,
My masters and mistresses too ;
Once again, I am here at your call,
To say from my heart—How d'ye do ?
Tis holiday time, as you know,
And the coach pretty crowded I drive,
But the best fare of all—ge-ho !
Is to see my good friends all alive.
Ri-um-ti-idity-am, &c.

Oh! could you but see what odd folks,
 I drive in my carriage and four;
 Why, truly, in spite of all jokes,
 You'd laugh, if you ne'er laugh'd before;
 For here is a poor little taylor,
 Squeaking out for more room, pretty oft,
 And with his girl sits a sailor,
 Who bundles poor Stitch up aloft.
 Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Now here is old Shortweight the baker,
 And there is a virgin from Wapping,
 Next to her sits a prim-looking quaker,
 With Bobby the beau, fam'd for hopping:
 Then here is a city apprentice,
 And there is a gentleman's lacquey;
 With Pull-out, the great puffing dentist,
 And the milliner's man, Master Jackey.
 Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

Then there is—Oh dear! how you squeeze!
 With shambling Joey the sawyer—
 Little Snob, rather lame in his knees,
 With a half of the devil, the lawyer;
 But what are their callings to me?
 Or how they are cramm'd, so I drive oh;
 Yet I carry some queer ones, you see,
 And in holiday time all alive, oh.
 Ri-um-ti-idity-um, &c.

THE TUNEFUL LARK.

Sung by Miss Gray.

THE tuneful lark awakens day,
 And carols sweet his lively note ;
 The wanton lambs wild gambols play,
 And chanticleer extends his throat:
 Fond expectation hails the youth,
 Who has lov'd me long, and loves me still.
 To hear him plight his vows of truth,
 While click clack sounds the merry merry
 mill.

He vows a ring he has long bespoke,
 And I to wed him ne'er deny'd :
 Oh dear ! how men and maids will joke,
 When I become his happy bride !
 With envy half the maids will die,
 For Harry half the men excels.
 Well pleas'd we'll soon together hie,
 Where ding dong sounds the merry merry
 bells.

THE FAITHFUL CAMP BUTCHER.

Sung by Mr. Colgrove.

SAM Steel is my name, and a man of some
 fame,
 For where the boys march, there am I ;

Yet pray take me right, I mean not to fight,
 No——mine is their wants to supply :
 For go where I will, I knock down and kill,
 And prove, if you'll give me belief,
 By night and by day, a friend as you'll say,
 And find them old English roast beef,
 Brave boys !
 And find them old English roast beef.

Like Britons they beat, and like Britons they
 eat,
 And while I can handle a knife,
 I'll cut up and carve, a soldier to serve,
 E'en tho' at the risk of my life.
 And since in the battle, though cannons may
 rattle,
 A soldier's a stranger to grief,
 I'll prove very clear, to my heart they are
 dear,
 And find them old English roast-beef,
 Brave boys !
 And find them old English roast beef.

Then, this too I'll boast, old England's my
 toast,
 And her champions for ever, say I ;
 May they fight in her cause, nor ne'er make
 a pause,
 Till they see all her enemies die.

And if I turn tail in my duty, or fail,
 Why, may I be hang'd like a thief ;
 No, no, while I live, my assistance I'll give,
 And find them old English roast-beef,
 Brave boys !
 And find them old English roast-beef.

TO-MORROW.

Sung by Mr. Inledon.

A Bankrupt in trade, fortune frowning on
 shore,
 All lost, save my spirit and honour ;
 No choice being left but to take to the oar,
 I've engag'd in the Mars, Captain 'Connor :
 But though the wind calls me, some few words
 to say
 To Polly, these moments I borrow ;
 For sorely she'll grieve that I leave her to-day,
 And must sail on the salt seas to-morrow.
 Nay, weep not ! though Fortune her smile now
 denies,
 Time may soften the gypsy's displeasure ;
 Perhaps she may throw in my way some rich
 prize,
 And send me home loaded with treasure :
 If so lucky, Oh ! doubt not, without more de-
 lay,
 Will I hasten to banish your sorrow ;

And bring back a heart which adores you to-day,
And will love you as dearly to-morrow.

But ah ! the fond hopes may prove faithless and
vain,

Which my bosom now ventures to cherish ;
In some perilous fight I may haply be slain,
Or whelm'd in the ocean may perish.

Shou'd such be the fate of poor I'om, deign to
pay

To his loss a fit tribute of sorrow ;
And sometimes remember our parting to-day,
Should a wave be my coffin to-morrow.

THO' FOSTER'D IN THE HUMBLE
COT.

THO' foster'd in the humble cot,
My friends of low degree,
A higher state I envied not,
While blest with liberty.

'Then sweetly danc'd the hours away ;
What sorrow could I prove ?
With all to make the bosom gay,
Sweet liberty and love.

But now my heart is full of woe ;
Ah, well a-day, poor me !

The worst of misery to know
The loss of liberty !

Yet still be calm, my anxious breast,
Hope comfort from above ;
Kind heaven again can make me blest
With liberty and love.

UNMOV'D I'LL BRAVE THE ROAR-
ING SEA.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

UNMOV'D I'll brave the roaring sea,
Though threat'ning billows roll ;
For William, ah! my love, with thee,
No fear can daunt my soul :
Blest in thy arms, I'll fate defy,
And count it happiness to die.
Hey down, adown, adown, adown.

When on the foreign shore we land,
No foe shall me affright ;
Still by William will I stand,
And cheer him to the fight :
Be living seen, when all is sped,
Or found together 'mid the dead.
Hey, &c.

HEROES OF THIS WAR.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

COME, now, the heroes of this war
 In chorus loud we'll sing,
 Who've fought victorious near and far,
 For country, laws, and king :
 When first the French sneak'd out of Brest,
 We pepper'd them, I trow ;
 Then need I tell you all the rest ?
 Since you remember—Howe.
 Then hey for a foe in view,
 And damn all foggy weather ;
 Here's a strong pull, and a long pull,
 And a pull, boys, all together.

The Dons, quoth Jarvis, I'll attack—
 The Dons look'd monstrous grave ;
 But skill and valour in a crack
 The conquest to us gave.

Says Duncan bold, I'll have Mynheer,
 • Mynheer look'd monstrous gruff,
 Till Winter found—my lads, 'tis clear—
 He'd full warm work enough.
 Then hey, &c.

Says gallant Nelson, at the Nile,
 Egad I'll have a day—
 And so he had a glorious spoil—
 But two could run away.

Next Mitchell, Abercrombie, came,
 Resolv'd to have a touch,
 Which great will be for Britain's fame,
 And happy for the Dutch.
 Then hey, &c.

BROTHER TARS.

Sung by Mr. Farwett.

BROTHER tars, in my time, I've sung many a rhyme ;

But the song I now trouble you with
 Has some claim to applause, and you'll own it
 because—

The subject's Sir Sydney Smith—It is.
 The subject's Sir Sydney Smith.

You all know Sir Sydney, a man of such kidney,

He'd fight all the French he could meet.
 Give him one ship or two, and without more
 ado,

He'd engage if he met a whole fleet—He
 would.

He'd engage, &c.

Thus he took, as folks say, all that came in
 his way,

Till Fortune, a whimsical elf,

Order'd accidents so,
 That in fighting the foe,
 Poor Sir Sydney was taken himself—He was.
 Sir Sydney was, &c.

The French were so glad of the prize they now
 had ;
 They refus'd every offer we bid ;
 And swore he should stay, lock'd up till doom's
 day,
 But he swore he'd be damn'd if he did—He did
 He swore, &c.

If Sir Sydney was wrong, why then blackball
 my song ;
 E'en our foes he would scorn to deceive.
 His escape was but just, and confess it you
 must,
 For it was only taking French leave—You
 know.
 It was only, &c.

The great Gallic chief, flush'd with fury and
 grief,
 Satisfaction most proudly requir'd.
 Says Sir Sydney, with all heart ; so he gave
 Buonapart
 Rather more than he wish'd or desir'd—

ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

THE nymphs who to the throne of Love

With heart submissive bow,
Who hope the mutual bliss to prove,
That crowns the nuptial vow.

Thro' caution's glass, by reason bent,

O! view your lovers clearly;
Nor think to wed till that present,

The man that loves your dearly.

Still blind to Wisdom's ray, the rake

No social bliss allows;

And he who long has rov'd, must make

A good-for-nothing spouse;

Nor trust the fop, tho' piteous sighs

Proclaim you've touch'd him nearly,

His own sweet charms too much he'll prize,

Nor can he love you dearly.

But when, with ev'ry manly grace,

A youth of soul refin'd,

Who, doating on your form and face,

Thinks brighter still your mind:

When such shall for the favour sue,

Oh! yield your hand sincerely;

Then you'll love him, and he'll love you,—

To life's last moment dearly.

THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND.

Sung by Mis. Mountain.

TO lecture I come, and your pardon I
crave,

For truly no learning my subject imparts ;
So spare me kind critics, all potent and grave,

For mine is a poor simple lecture on hearts :
First then, Britain's glory, the heart of a tar,
Is there aught of more courage, or precious
in worth ?

Ah, no, whether glowing in peace or in war,
'Tis alike ever true to the place of its
birth.

Then health to a sailor, and this be the
strain,

The tars of old England again, and again.

The heart of a lover, when tender and true,
Is a heart to be priz'd as each woman must
own,

While the heart of a miser, to give him his
due,

Is a heart, selfish mortal, as hard as a stone ;
Then the heart of a virgin, and such too there
be,

That loves with a passion devoid of all art,
Shall surely be rated and set down by me,—
Her bosom's all sweetness, all softness her
heart.

Then health, blooming health, and let this
be the strain,

To love and true lovers again and again.

The heart of a lawyer, and oh, what a
thing,

'Tis a compound of something that's hard to
define,

When you think it all honey, you find it all
sting,

And what really good for, I cannot assign ;

Now then, for a heart, and a gallant one too,

'Tis a soldier's, and where is a braver in
fight ?

For England it beats ever loyal and true,

And proves that her good is its dearest de-
light.

Then health to a soldier, and this be the
strain,

Our soldiers and sailors again and again.

SHE LIVES IN THE VALLEY BE-
LOW.

Sung by Master Gray.

THE broom bloom'd so fresh and so fair,

The lambkins were sporting around,

When I wander'd to breathe the fresh air,

And by chance a rich treasure I found ;

A lass sat beneath a green shade,
For whose smiles the whole world I'd fore-
go;

As blooming as May was the maid,
And she lives in the valley below.

Her song struck my ears with surprize,
Her voice like the nightingale sweet;
But love took his seat in her eyes,
Where beauty and innocence meet;
From that moment my heart was her own,
For her every wish I forego;
She's beauteous as roses just blown,
And she lives in the valley below.

My cottage with woodbine o'ergrown,
The sweet turtle doves cooing round,
My flocks and my herds are my own,
My pastures with hawthorn are bound;
All my riches I'll lay at her feet,
If her heart in return she'll bestow;
For no pastime can cheer my retreat,
While she lives in the valley below.

THE MANSION OF PEACE.

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

A ROSE from her bosom has stray'd;
I'll seek to replace it with art;

But no,—'twill her slumbers invade ;
 I'll wear it, sweet maid, next my heart.
 Alas ! silly rose, hadst thou known
 'Twas Daphne that gave thee thy place,
 Thou ne'er from thy station had flown ;—
 Her bosom's the mansion of peace.

WITH A MERRY TALE.

WITH a merry tale
 Serjeants beat the drum ;
 Noddles full of ale,
 Village lads they hum :
 Soldiers out go all,
 Famous get in story ;
 If they chance to fall,
 Don't they sleep in glory !
 Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Lawyers try, when see'd,
 Juries to make pliant,
 If they can't succeed,
 Then they hum their client ;
 To perfection come,
 Humming all the trade is,
 Ladies, lovers hum,
 Lovers hum the ladies.
 Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Han't Britannia's sons
 Often humm'd Mounseer ?
 Hant't they humm'd the Dons ?—
 Let their fleets appear—
 Strike they must tho' loth,
 (Ships with dollars cramm'd,)
 If they're not humm'd both,
 Then I will be d——

WHAT MATTERS YOUR DITTIES.

WHAT matters your ditties, your jokes,
 and norations,
 Of lawyers and doctors still making your
 game :
 Wid your gallipots, parchments, and clients,
 and patients, [same.
 And all such cantankerous stuff as that
 In praise of our admirals, captains, and sailors,
 I'll sing ; and long life to the lads, and all
 such,
 Who on the salt ocean were never yet failers,
 In banging the Spaniards, the French, and
 the Dutch.
 And sing fallalloo, smallalloo, ditheroo whack
 Let an enemy come, and we'll trundle him
 back ;
 While the lads of the ocean shall tell the
 proud elf, [self
 He may go to the devil, and there shake him

Didn't Frenchmen one June, to our lads cry
Pecavi;

Lord Howe he did pelt 'em, through thun-
der and smoke,

With British hard dumplings, without any
gravy,

Till Mounseer no longer cou'd relish the
joke.

And then didn't Jarvis the Spaniards belea-
ther?

Then Duncan and Nelson completed the
job,

To shew we can beat 'em all three both to-
gether,

As fast as each pleases to put up his nob.

And sing fallalloo, &c.

Each wave, as it washes our shores, wou'd
soon tell us,

If it had but a tongue and cou'd speak
what was just,

How it carried to glory our brave honest fel-
lows,

How oft on its surface our foes bit the dust.
And now to be building on land you'd be
after

Some trophy of honour their actions to
grace,

While they have built one for themselves on
the water,
The devil himself cou'dn't shove from its
place.

And sing fallalloo, &c.

LET SAILORS AND SOLDIERS UNITE
IN ONE CAUSE.

Sung by Mr. Townsend.

LET sailors and soldiers unite in one cause,
Bound together by honour and loyalty's
band;
Both fight for old England, and cherish her
cause,
And give to the king each his heart and
his hand.
In this phalanx unite; like lions we'll fight,
While no private feuds shall our interests dis-
cover:
But this be our boast, and our ultimate toast,
Here's the Army and Navy of Britain for-
ever!
The sailor our glory secures on the main;
His example to follow the soldier is
seen;

And on shore like a hero he fights his cam-
 paign,
 But on sea and on shore fights the British^o
 marine.
 He pulls and he hauls, he fights till he falls, }
 And from foretacks and musquets he never
 will waver ;
 But when the fray's o'er, with his Dolly on
 shore,
 Drinks the Army and Navy of Britain for
 ever.

What matters it who braves the glebe or the
 furge ?
 Yet if there's a contest about either station,
 Let that stimulus glory and loyalty urge,
 Who will stand the most firm to the King
 and the nation.
 While thus we agree,
 Let's fight and be free,
 Shall Britons 'gainst Britons draw daggers ?—
 Oh, never !
 Make the Sans Culottes fly,
 And let fame rend the sky,
 With the Navy and Army of Britain for ever.

RECRUITING OFFICER.

COME, come, my lads, attend to me,
 I'll tell you what's a soldier's life,

We're full of mirth and jollity,
 And often jig it to a fife ;
 But should the haughty foe presume,
 Our country's rights for to invade,
 We'll shoulder arms, and marching soon,
 Prove all their threats a masquerade.
 Whilst the merry little drum goes row dow
 dow,

 Whilst the merry, &c.
 To British valour all must bow,
 Whilst the merry, &c.

Then since our country wants our aid,
 Boys, let us all united be,
 At danger never be dismay'd,
 The cause is British loyalty :
 Our king and laws we'll still defend—
 'Tis but our duty, that is clear ;
 We'll stand by them till life doth end,
 For freedom's to each Briton dear,
 Whilst the merry, &c.
 We'll make each haughty foe to bow,
 Whilst the merry, &c.

So come my boys, and enter strait,
 Wou'd you as gentlemen appear,
 Before your much lov'd Nan or Kate,
 Why, zounds ! become a volunteer ;
 Besides, when peace shall bless our isle,
 And smiling children grace our knee,

What joy to tell them of each toil,
 We pray'd, to set our country free,
 Whilst the merry, &c.
 So come away, and enter now,
 Whilst the merry, &c.

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

WHEN blust'ring Gallia loudly roar'd,
 Her threats to neighb'ring nations
 round,

Her lure, was Freedom's form ador'd,
 The sacred boon to British ground;
 Fair Freedom's sons to arms then flew,
 A gen'rous, valiant, happy crew;
 And soon to guard the land, appears
 A host of Loyal Volunteers.

United in one mind and cause,
 To guard their king and their just laws,
 To curb the pride of haughty France,
 Behold Britannia's sons advance,
 With minds that purest freedom know,
 Scorning Frenchmen's threaten'd blow;
 While beauty gratefully appears
 To greet her manly Volunteers.

Born and nurs'd in Freedom's isle,
 Where nature's bounties sweetly smile;

We'll have no vile intruders here,
 To take those blessings we revere :
 Then cease thy threats, vain impious France,
 Nor dare unto our coasts advance,
 Destruction waits thy coming here—
 Thus vows each British Volunteer.

On our lov'd hill, where health is found,
 Where nature paints the scenes around—
 Where female beauty gives us cheer,
 And greets each British Volunteer ;
 United firm in heart and hand,
 Our country shall our lives command ;
 And when the enemy appears,
 They'll meet undaunted Volunteers.

Come, fill up bumpers, fill them high,
 Our loyal shouts shall rend the sky ;
 Here's our lov'd king—God him preserve,
 And those commanders whom we serve.
 Brave Ranicar, and Bolland too,
 Shall ever find us firm and true ;
 Then let us give with three loud cheers
 The King and British Volunteer.

THE LOYAL IRISHMAN.

Sung by Mr. Dyke.

TO fight for old England, says Teddy O'
 Casey,
 And Ireland, renown'd for parata's so fine,

Since he knows 'tis the land—Arrah, honey,
be aisy,

France, Which we read of, that flows with milk,
honey, and wine.

Och, bad luck to soup maigre and beef a-la-
mode,

Roast beef is the thing, stuff'd with onions,
my dear ;

Contented with these, joy, here I'll fix my
abode,

And fight in defence of our old English
cheer.

Speaks.) Ay, and then by way of a desert, after
we have been drubbing our enemies ; och,
to be sure, and we won't have a little of your
true whisky punch, just by way of enabling
us to sing—

Whack fal lal, &c.

Then our ladies, dear craters, so pretty and
charming,

Whose eyes shine, dear joy, like the sun in
the night,

Like a gingerbread nut of a cold frosty morn-
ing ;

Och, they warm our poor bosoms, and yield
us delight.

Teddy O' Then talk not of Calais, of Dunkirk, or Do-
ver,

so fine, Arrah, none of those outlandish places for
me ;

Tho' you walk, joy, on horseback, the uni-
verse over,
Old England's the place, my dear jewel,
for me.

Speaks.) Och, and by St. Patrick's ownself,
there is not an English Irishman in the three
kingdoms, that wou'dn't in defence of these
blessings turn out every mother's son of
them, to give the 'enemies of old England a
taste of our—

Whack fal lal, &c.

So there is my hand, to this cause ever steady,
In my country's defence, joy, I'll stand on
else fall,

If a ball takes my head, there's an end of poor
Teddy;

But that to a soldier is nothing at all.

When the battle is over, still funny and frisky

Regardless of danger, I'll chearfully sing,

My favourite songs, whilst I tipple the
whisky—

St. Patrick's morning, and God save the
King.

Speaks.) Och, and bad luck to my ownself
honey, if I'll ever toss off a noggin of
whisky, before I'll toast the whole Royal
Family, aye, and our constitution too

for 'tis through them that we're enabled to
sing—

Whack fal de ral, &c.

FROM PITY'S POWER THOU NEED
NOT FLY.

Sung by Miss Decamp.

FROM pity's power thou need'st not fly,
The tear she sheds adorns the eye:
And when down beauty's cheek it flows,
More bright its radiant crimson glows.

But there's a sigh, and there's a tear,
That bids youth's roses disappear;
Beware lest thine their influence prove,
Beware lest pity turn to love.

That tear is love's, and love's that sigh!
They fade the cheek, they dim the eye.—
Ah! let not then thy artless bloom
In sighs and tears so dire consume—

Then—if thy heart tumultuous beat
Whene'er thine eyes yon captive's meet,
Away! nor more such danger prove,
For soon thy pity would be love,

WHEN FIRST FROM KILKENNY.

Sung by Mr. Howell.

WHEN first come from Kilkenny as
fresh as a daisy,

'The girls of our village, all swore I was crazy;
Arrah, maid, wife, or widow, could never be
aisy,

If once, joy, I came in his way.

And, it's—Dear, dear, what can the matter
be?

Oh, botheration, joy! what can the matter
be?

Such a fellow as Casey, they swore, there
could never be,

For at romps, fait, I spent the whole day.

But soon as Miss Jenny fell into my way,
Sir,

As dull as a sparrow I rambled all day;

I strove to speak to her, but nothing could
say, Sir,

But phililu, what is't I ail?

And—Dear, dear, what can the matter be?

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?

The neighbours all laughing, cried—What
can the matter be?

Murphy O'Casey looks pale.

Our minds scarce made up, a rude press-gang
assail'd me,

And tho' I tipp'd them leg bail, my jewel, soon
nail'd me;

Jonteel by the collar, along the streets trail'd
me,

And lodg'd me a top of a ship.

Speaks.) Where they left me and half a dozen
more, poked up in a hen-coop, all alone by
myself, finging—

Dear, dear, what can the matter be?

Oh, muisha whack, honey, what can the matter
be?

But what of all that, sure, I'm now safe re-
turn'd from sea;

Wa'n't it a delicate trip.

CHORUSSES,

*Introduced in the Tragedy of Pizarro, at the Im-
perial Theatre, Vienna.*

Chorus of Priests.

SOURCE of life! and fount of light!

God! before whose piercing eye,

Flaming in the orient sky,

Fly the unhallow'd shades of night;

Propitious smile; incline a gracious ear;

With power protect, and with thy favour

cheer!—

People.

Hear, well pleas'd, the infant tongue
 In thy sacred rites engage ;
 Hear, well pleas'd, thy praises sung,
 By the fault'ring voice of age.
 See with rev'rence round thy shrine,
 Children, parents, princes join :
 Accept their vows, and firmly ne'er to part,
 Entwine the monarch's and the people's
 heart.

Chorus of Priests.

Your hearts, your knees, in pious homage
 bend,
 And let your pray'rs and hymns to Heaven's
 high throne ascend.

People (kneeling.)

Pure our souls, and free from guile,
 We to thee an off'ring bring ;
 Deign, propitious pow'r to smile.

(*King*) Bless the people !—(*People*) Bless
 the king !

Our country save, bid war and bloodshed
 cease,

And grant us vict'ry, as the means of peace.

Chorus of Priests.

God of Peru, thy wonted favour show,
 So shall our grateful songs thy praise
 proclaim ;

Of vows accepted now the pledge bestow ;
Send from on high the self-enkindled
flame.

Display thy grace, thy mercy, and thy power,
And bid celestial fire our sacrifice devour.

General Chorus.

Now the song of triumph raise !
See the sacred altar blaze !
See the curling smoke arise,
Wafting odours to the skies !
The God of day accepts our vows,
And will his people's cause espouse.
Now vict'ry summons to the field ;
On high the Inca's banner rear ;
His sword let ev'ry warrior wield,
And point with certain fate the spear.
With battle axe the foe assail,
With maces break their coats of mails,
Deal death with vig'rous arm around,
Till ev'ry Spaniard bite the ground
Unerring be the arrow's flight ;
Show'r sure destruction from the sling :
And whilst we boldly rush to fight
And put our country's foes to rout,
Be this the universal shout :
" Our GOD, our COUNTRY, and our
KING."

TOGETHER THEN WE'D FONDLY
STRAY.

TOGETHER then we'd fondly stray,
O'er meadows green, thro' woodlands
deep,
Rejoicing view the lambkins play
And in the gurgling streamlet peep.
No cankering cares our sleep molest,
No frowning jailor part;
Above the world, supremely blest,
His throne Rosina's heart.

From haunts of surly man we'd fly,
My pris'ner safe I'd guard;
Secure from envy's prying eye,
And love our bright reward.
For him I'd cull Pomona's store,
Nor from his side depart,
Thus blest, could Blinval ask for more?
His throne Rosina's heart.

TO LONDON TOWN I'LL HASTE
AWAY.

Sung by Miss Howells.

THO' fix'd in humble state,
A little rural maid,

A country life I hate,
 For rural joys not made.
 To London town I'll haste away,
 Where every thing is new—
 Fly to the opera, park, and play,
 And do as London lassies do.
 Sing, trol lol lolly lolly lol lol lol, &c.

I scorn the shepherd's pipe,
 The rustic dance despise,
 Dull praise from clownish lip,
 Nor rural song I prize.
 To London then, &c.

In town all joys combine,
 All dress, all noise, and show,
 Each maid's a lady fine,
 And ev'ry swain's a beau,
 To London then, &c.

SHAKESPEAR.

Tune,—*Rule Britannia.*

WHEN Britain first at heaven's command,
 The sails of science had unfurl'd,
 Shakespear was form'd by nature's hand,
 To be the wonder of the world.
 Rule great Shakespear, great Shakespear
 rule the stage,
 Unrival'd to the latest age.

The Poet not so bless'd as thee,
 May in oblivion soon be lost ;
 Thy works shall flourish, and shall be,
 The world's amazement, Britain's boast.
 Rule great Shakespear, &c.

Should haught' critic be so bold,
 As try to blast thine envy'd fame,
 'Twill but thy beauties more unfold,
 And end in his perpetual shame.
 Rule great Shakespear, &c.

The comic muse by thee was taught,
 To lash the follies of mankind ;
 Great bard with matchless beauty fraught,
 And manly sentiment combin'd, &c.
 Rule great Shakespear, &c.

With equal justice could'st thou paint,
 Whate'er did in thy fancy spring ;
 Whether the villain, or the saint,
 The humble peasant, or the king.
 Rule great Shakespear, &c.

Thy works in darkness ne'er shall fall,
 Wide o'er the drama thou shalt reign ;
 Take thee great man for all in all,
 We ne'er shall see thy like again.
 Rule great Shakespear, &c.

THE RURAL WALK.

Tune—*Ere round the huge oak.*

HOW sweet when the nightingale sings
 from yon grove,
 When the moon is half hid o'er the hill;
 When nothing is heard but the whispers of
 love,
 And the found of the far-distant rill.

How sweet with the friend of one's bosom to
 stray,

'Midst scenes such as these to commune;
 And quitting the glitter and bustle of day,
 Mend the heart, and the passions attune.

May this oft be our lot; so friendship divine,
 Shall lead us a flowery way;
 So our morning of life shall brilliantly shine,
 And its evening be cloudless and gay.

 THE MODEL.

MY friend is the man I wou'd copy thro
 life,
 He harbours no envy, he causes no strife;
 No murmurs escape him, tho' fortune bears
 hard;
 Content is his portion and peace his reward.

Still happy in his station,
 He minds his occupation;
 Nor heeds the snares,
 Nor knows the cares,
 Which vice and folly bring :
 Daily working wearily,
 Nightly singing chearily ;
 Dear to him his wife, his home, his country
 and his king.

His heart is enlarg'd, though his income is
 scant ;

He lessens his little for others that want :
 'Tho' his children's dear claims, on his indus-
 try press,

He has something to spare for the child of dis-
 tress.

He seeks no idle squabble,
 He joins no thoughtless rabble :
 To clear his daw,
 From day to day,

His honest views extend.

When he speaks 'tis verily,
 When he smiles 'tis merrily :

Dear to him his sport, his toil, his honour and
 his friend.

How charming to find in his humble retreat,
 That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the
 great ;

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O how
Trea

Tho'
'Two
Blyth
As he

The wife only anxious her fondness to prove,
The playful endearments of infantine love.

Relaxing from his labours,

Amid' his welcome neighbours,

With plain regale,

With jest and tale,

The happy hero see,

No vain schemes confounding him ;

All his joys surrounding him,

Dear he holds his native land, it's laws and
liberty.

THE TRAVELLER.

F AINT and wearily the way worn traveller
Plods on chearily afraid to stop ;

Wandering drearily, a sad unraveller

Of the mazes towards the mountain's top :

Doubting,

Fearing,

While his course he's steering ;

Cottages appearing, when he's nigh to drop :

O how briskly then the way worn traveller

Treads the mazes towards the mountain's top.

Tho' so melancholy day has pass'd by,

'Twould be folly now, to think on't more :

Blythe and jolly, he that can, hold fast by,

As he's sitting at the goatherd's door :

Eating,
Quaffing,
At past labours laughing,
Better far by behalf in spirits then before :
O how merry then the rested traveller
Seems while-sitting at the goatherd's door.

WHEN THE SHEPHERDS ASK MY
HAND, SIR.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

WHEN the shepherds ask my hand, Sir,
Little heed I of their pain ;
With a curts'y I make answer,
'Thank'ye, Sir, but call again—
For I have vow'd to wear the willow.
Willow, Willow.
Willow, Willow.

But when feigning's over, believe me,
Hand and heart I'll give my swain ;
And, if false, he shou'd deceive me,
Try my fortune o'er again :
I have no heart to wear the willow,
Willow, Willow.
Thank'ye, Sir, I'll wear no willow,
Willow, Willow.

IN POOR ONES NE'ER LET ENVY
RISE.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

IN poor ones ne'er let envy rise,
Or love of wealth allure,
Since wealth can close no wakeful eyes,
No wounds of sorrow cure.

A conscience pure still let me keep,
To make my slumbers light,
And when I lay me down to sleep,
Bid ev'ry care—Good night.

Contentment, like the tranquil dove,
Rests on my couch at eve,
Nor shall, when near me sleeps my love,
My humble pillow leave ;
For there we'll let no discord creep,
To break our slumbers light :
But when we lay us down to sleep,
Wish from the heart—Good night.

A BUNDLE OF PROVERES.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

MY name's Obadiah ; a Quaker I am ;—
(Hum !)
spirit a lion, in figure a lamb :

'Tis true I can't sing like the smarts of the town,—(Hum!)

But I now and then chaunt out a stave of my own.

In Britain's praise
My voice I'll raise!

May no foreign follies her sons bewitch!—
(Hum!)

If the blind lead the blind, both will fall in the ditch—(Hum!)

The French, in their pride, talk of conquering,
true: (Hum!)

But 'tis one thing to say, and another to do:
Let them meet our brave tars, and they'll
quickly retire;—(Hum!)

For I've heard that burnt children dread sorely
the fire.

They vaunting roar,
They'll soon come o'er,

And get us all under their claws in a trice:—
(Hum!)

But you know noisy cats very seldom catch
mice. (Hum!)

I own they've done much by their fighting and
burning—(Hum!)

But 'tis a long lane that has never a turning!
They rail at our laws, and religion, alas!—
(Hum!)

Those should never throw stones who have
windows of glass.

They proudly boast
Their conquering host

To humble Old England shall soon be dis-
patch'd: (Hum!)

But some reckon their chickens before they
are hatch'd.—(Hum!)

In numbers they greatly exceed us 'tis clear,—
(Hum!)

But two prest men's not equal to one volun-
teer.

In vain they are striving—mind not their a-
larms: (Hum!)

Sure they'll not find us babes, tho' we all be
in arms.

Yea, faith and troth,
I'm mov'd to wrath.

Friend, lend me thy weapon, and I for one—
(Hum!)

Will prove the old proverb, as sure as a gun.—
(Hum!)

Now tho' I'm a quaker, I don't quake for
fear;—(Hum!)

For a thousand hot words will not four good
beer;

we firmly unite, we may laugh at their
tricks, —(Hum!)

Let us mind the old tale of the bundle of
sticks.

In friendship's bands
Join heart and hands,

Let the spirit of Englishmen move us all !—
 (Hum !)—
 While the props are firm the old house cannot
 fall.—(Hum !)

I'VE READ OF LOVE.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

I'VE read of Love, and all his tricks,
 That he doth gall with honey mix ;
 But I'm a beast with heart of steel,
 That can no pain nor pleasure feel,
 And let me still unmov'd remain ;
 He wants no joy, that feels no pain.
 O, No ! O, No ! O, No !
 He want's no joy, who feels no pain.

I'm blind alike to smile or tear ;
 I eat, I drink, I see and hear
 The merry songsters on the spray,
 While love-sick boys pine out each day.
 O let me still unmov'd remain ;
 He wants no joy, that feels no pain,
 O, No ! O, No ! O, No !
 He wants no joy, who feels no pain.

My undisturb'd repose I take,
 While Cupid keeps all men awake :

While he with sighs annoys each breast,
 I sing, and nightly take my rest.
 So let me still unmov'd remain,
 He wants no joy, that feels no pain.
 O, No! O, No! O, No!
 He wants no joy, who feels no pain.

THE MAID OF THE WOLD.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch.

O H, the maid of the Wold, how she tra-
 vers'd the land,
 To court the rude touches of winter's chill
 hand!
 The wind on her bosom blew bleak,
 And the snow fell in flakes on the rose on her
 cheek.

Drear, drear, was the prospect—all clouded the
 sky;
 But the sunshine of liberty beam'd in her eye:
 She cried, while the wet from her ringlets she
 press'd,
 "I'm free as the blast that blows over my
 breast!"

Sweet Maid of the Wold, as unshelter'd you
 stray,
 In that bliss of the poor—all the world for
 your way!

If one pensive moment should flit o'er your
mind,
Drop a tear for a captive in splendor con-
fin'd.

THAT A CAMP IS MY GLORY AND
BOAST.

Sung by Mrs. Wallack.

THAT a camp is my glory and boast,
Believe me, I'm proud to allow ;
And a soldier shall e'er be my toast,
A soldier, a soldier, I vow !

For them, and them only, I drudge,
Wash, iron, and work the day long ;
From place to place chearfully trudge,
And make the brave fellows my song.

(*Spoken.*)—Yes, and while able to stand at the
wash-tub, or hold an iron in my hand, my
darling strain shall be,

O, a soldier, a soldier, a soldier, for me.

Let ladies of rank and degree,
To ease and soft indolence yield:
How pleasing, more pleasing to me,
'Tis to follow the lads to the field !

To guard British beauty at home,
 A soldier enlists in the war ;
 Right fearless and willing to roam,
 And proud to contend for a scar.

(*Speaks.*)—And won't I rub, scrub, and do a-
 ny thing for the guardians of our country?
 Yes, that I will, and always sing
 O, a soldier, &c.

Let others soft ditties repeat,
 And tremble with womanish fear ;
 To me, oh, how welcome and sweet
 The morning tattoo in my ear !
 A camp, yes, a camp's my delight :
 And soldiers the pride of my heart :
 And when for Old England they fight,
 Yes, yes, we will all bear a part.
 (*Speaks.*)—Yes, and I'll always sing,
 O, a soldier, &c.

IN OUR FOREFATHER'S TIMES.

Sung by Mr. Helme.

In our forefather's times wolves infested the
 land,
 And hideously prowling, still night fill'd
 with fear,

Till Briton's bold hunters, at Nimrod's com-
mand,
In chace hurl'd the jav'lin, or brandish'd the
spear,
The vanquish'd despoilers their efforts appal,
In safety the peasant dares venture to roam,
Like them thus we'll hunt down the tygers of
Gaul,
With hark forward tantivy, Yoicks, Bri-
tons strike home!

Our tars, sea-born sportsmen, the chace of
essay,
In pursuit of their game never halt or take
breath,
Till o'ertaken, the victim a while stands at
bay,
Yields indignant, bright glory is in at the
death.
France threatens her fierce beasts of prey shall
appal,
And crimson'd with gore for new spoils hi-
ther roam :
Rouze, sportsmen ; we'll hunt down the tygers
of Gaul,
With hark forward, tantivy, Yoicks, Britons
strike home !

Such sport have we shewn them wherever the
chase ;

St. Vincent, Howe, Bridport, which e'er lead
the way,

Warren, Duncan, or Nelson, their fate was
disgrace,

Our fleets rode triumphant, 'twas theirs to
obey !

Britain's bull dogs, our tars, still the blood-
hounds appal,

Tho' prowling, once more have they ven-
tur'd to roam,

Spoke.—But let one of our brave saltwater
sportsmen but fall in with them, and

Again, boys, we'll hunt down the tygers of
Gaul,

With hark forward, tantivy, Yolcks, Bri-
tons strike home.

BEAUS OF THE TOWN.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

MY mother oft talk'd of the beaus of the
town,

Who by sword knot, or bag, had gain'd great
renown,

With powder, pomatum, and various per-
fumes,

You may scent out a beau, tho' in different
rooms.

Well, to London I'm come, to see these fine
elves;

But I find them so alter'd they don't know
themselves.

Our beaus, for I find they retain still the
name,

Take a different road to the temple of Fame.

CHORUS.

Pantaloons and short stick, half boots, and half
coat,

A neat colour'd handkerchief tied round the
throat,

A scrubbing brush head, with check collar
fine,

Mark the beaus, and the smarts of the year
ninety-nine.

In the days when my mother was airy and
young,

Smart fellows, she says, danc'd, ogl'd, and
sung;

They dress'd too with care, our hearts to the
pan,

Were on tiptoe to please, aye all to a man,

Now lounging and careless, it plainly appears,
That the ton is much alter'd within a few
years ;

The fashion of wishing to please is gone by ;
Not to please is the plan they successfully try.

Now fashion with no bright allurements be-
tray ;

Our belles quite disgusted her vot'ries survey.
When the bosom of beauty owns love's plea-
sing pain,

'Tis for one of those men who such fashions
disdain.

Take the hint, O ye men, to find grace in
those eyes ;

Throw off this disgraceful postillion disguise ;
Appear like your fathers, like gentlemen
move,

and like them be rewarded with beauty and
love.

'T WAS DOWN IN THE MEADOWS.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

'T WAS down in the meadows of Somerset-
shire,

A blooming young maiden sat under a tree ;

She sung, I delightfully listened to hear,
 Impatient to learn what her carrol might
 be.

Her dress was milk white, and bright auburn
 her hair,

And a sweet little babe in her arms did I
 spy;

She kiss'd it, she press'd it, and rocking her
 care,

In strains most endearing sung hush, hushaby,

Her song and her manner so artless and sweet,

I look'd on or fancied as something divine,

Then ventured, but could not advance or re-
 treat,

And wish'd both the nurse and the baby
 were mine.

At length taking courage, I bade her good
 day,

Ask'd her name, and if married, without
 knowing why;

She started, look'd down, and Oh, no, Sir
 did say,

Then sung, dearest creature, hush, hushaby,

At last she confess'd, and it pleas'd me to
 hear,

The child was in no way to Molly allied;

Then vow'd, and my offer was frank and firm
 cere,

To make this fair rustic that moment
 Bride.

She blush'd, yet her looks did such sweetness
impart,
That yes, the dear yes, I could read in each
eye;
And truly I gave her my hand and my heart,
While she sung, dearest creature, her hush,
husbaby.

EDWIN OF THE DALE.

Sung by Miss Perry.

DEAR Edwin pride of Havard Dale,
First taught my heart to love,
When at my feet he told his tale,
In yon sweet flowery grove.

His drefs so neat, he smiled so sweet,
But what will all avail;
Should fate ordain, I ne'er again,
Meet Edwin of the dale.

Tho' parents frown upon the youth,
Forbid his ardent tale,
To him I've vow'd eternal truth,
Dear Edwin of the Dale.

AT EARLY DAWN.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

AT early dawn from humble cot
Where dreams did ne'er with guilt af-
fright,
Poor Lima chearful at her lot
To labour rose with true delight :
And, as she milk'd her gentle goats,
Or at her distaff closely plied ;
The lark and thrush with thrilling notes,
Oft' to her woodbine window hied.
Te wit, te wit good morrow,
Poor and content can know no sorrow.

When shades of night o'erwhelm the plain,
And dying embers scarce wou'd glow,
Poor Lima sought her cot to gain,
To sleep which peace can only know :
To give her wearied spirits rest,
The nightingale in plaintive strain ;
Perch'd on the hawthorn near her rest,
Lull'd not to sweet repose in vain.
Te wit, te wit, te wit, good night,
Poor and content must dream delight.

THE COTTAGE MAID.

MY heart was light, my mind serene,
No anguish e'er portray'd,

My cloudless brow I ne'er had seen
Annette the cottage maid.

One summer's day she met my view
In native charms arrayed,
Inspir'd by love I nearer drew,
And hail'd the cottage maid.

I bold advanc'd, she turn'd surpris'd,
To stop at first afraid:
Since then each morn at dawn I've hied,
To greet the cottage maid.

Shou'd Hymen favour our intent,
As love for love's repaid,
Each day we'll pass with sweet content,
Dear lovely cottage maid.

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

AWAY with melancholy,
Nor doleful changes ring,
On life and human folly,
But merrily merrily sing, fal la:
Come on ye rosy hours,
Gay smiling moments sing, fal la:
We'll strew the way with flowers
And merrily merrily sing, fal la.

For what's the use of fighting,
 When time is on the wing, fal la;
 For what's the use of fighting,
 When time is on the wing:
 Can we prevent his flying,
 Then merrily merrily sing,
 Can we prevent his flying,
 Then merrily merrily sing, fal la.

BRITISH TARS.

YE hearts of oak, who wish to try
 Your fortunes on the sea,
 And Briton's enemies defy,
 Come enter here with me.
 There's five pound bounty,
 Two months pay and leave to go on shore,
 With pretty girls to kiss and play,
 Can British tars wish more.

Our ship is stout and sails like wind
 To chase a hostile foe;
 To fight like Britons we're inclin'd,
 We'll let the Monsieurs know:
 Our Captain's gen'rous, brave and good,
 Of grog we'll have good store,
 Of prizes rich we'll sweep the flood,
 Can British tars wish more.

And when from driving Bourbon's fleet,
 Victorious we arrive,
 With music, dance, and jovial treat;
 To please our girls, we'll strive:
 Both Spanish silver, and French gold,
 We'll count it plenty o'er
 Which we have won, my shipmates bold,
 Can British tars wish more.

VARIETY.

A Favourite Glee for three Voices.

I'LL live no more single but get me a wife,
 For a change, says poor Dick, is the com-
 fort of life;
 A wife he then got, and no mortal cou'd be,
 A few weeks after marriage more happy than
 he.

But when children and squalling began to in-
 crease,
 And a loud scolding doxy molested his peace;
 I wish in my heart I was quit of my wife,
 For a change, says poor Dick, is the comfort
 of life.

WHEN WHISTLING WINDS.

WHEN whistling winds are heard to
blow

In tempests o'er the earth,
The seaman's oft' dash'd to and fro,
Yet cheerly takes his birth :
And as he fearless mounts the shrouds,
Awhile the vessel swings,
Tho' skies are mantl'd o'er with clouds,
The gallant sailor sings :
'Tis pretty Poll and honest Jack,
My girl and friend on shore,
Will hail me at returning back,
So let the billows roar.

When bending o'er the rocking yard,
While seas in mountains rise,
He takes a spell, however hard,
And danger e'er defies ;
The storm once o'er, the gallant tar
Lets fancy freely roam,
And tho' from many a friend afar,
He sings of those at home.

'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

On burning coasts, or frozen sea,
Alike in each extreme,
The gallant sailor's e'er at ease,
And floats with fortune's stream ;

To love and friendship ever true,
 He steers life's course along,
 And wheresoe'er sailing to,
 Fond hope elates his song.
 'Tis pretty Poll, &c.

SOVEREIGNS OF THE WATERY WORLD.

SOV'REIGNS of the wat'ry world,
 Britons still that right maintain;
 When their conquering flag's unfurl'd,
 Who dare frown upon the main?
 Hence ye mad deluded slaves,
 British tars shall rule the waves.

Hark! the tritons sound their shells,
 British valour to proclaim;
 Neptune's ruffled bosom swells,
 Big with joy for Albion's Fame.
 Hence, ye mad, &c.

France submissive to her fate,
 Drooping, pining, feels the blow
 Still renew'd, with dreadful weight
 Giv'n her first by conquering Howe!
 Hence, ye mad, &c.

BRIDPORT! gives the pond'rous stroke—
 Drives the Dastards from the sea;

And amidst thunder, fire and smoke,
Darts upon his conquer'd prey.
Hence, ye mad, &c.

Down their tri-stain'd flags they haul!
Now each Briton glory shares;
Gallic pride once more does fall,
Humbled by brave British tars.
Hence, ye mad, deluded slaves,
British tars shall rule the waves!

COLLINS' SALLY.

Sung by Mr. Collins.

THE bard who glows with Grub-street fire,
In Sally's praise profuse is;
But know the Sally that I admire,
'Tis wit alone produces:
Sweet sprightly sylph, 'tis thee I mean,
Then stand not shilly shally,
But as thou art my fancy's queen,
Ne'er let me want a Sally.

'Tis true, we're told, in prose or rhyme,
A wit is but a feather;
But let me lightly mount sublime,
A rush for wind or weather;
For like the lark I'll soar and sing,
While from the sordid valley
The grov'ling earth-worm ne'er takes wing
Nor e'er enjoys a Sally.

Sallies of wit, where wisdom rules,
 Are gladsome, gamesome gay things;
 But those who sport with pointed tools,
 Should handle well their play-things:
 Then haply when the stroke offends,
 No longer prone to rally;
 I'll silence keep to keep my friends,
 And check the sportive Sally.

And as old time speeds on apace,
 His sport and prey to make us,
 With hasty steps, and hot-foot chace,
 Determin'd to o'ertake us:
 When from the sally-port of life
 We rush to close life's tally,
 Releas'd from cank'ring care and strife,
 Triumphant be our Sally.

NO HARM TO KNOW IT.

I'D fain ask a this, but in steps a that,
 Ah! why did you, truant, away from me
 go;

Yet not that I'm curious, but merely for chat,
 'Tis only no harm to know it, you know.

What lady detain'd you? I'm sure she was
 fair,
 Much taller than I am, perhaps full as
 low;

No business of mine 'tis—what colour her
hair

'Tis only no harm to know it, you know.

Pray, was she demure? or coquetishly gay?

The voice of a cherub, or may be so, so?

Her eyes—I don't ask whether hazle or grey,

'Tis only no harm to know it, you know.

But one thing, O, tell me! no more then im-
part,

Did'st give her what was not your own to
bestow?

Tho' sure you'd not venture to give her your
heart,

'Tis only no harm to know it, you know.

ANACREONTIC.

GIVE me wine—no more I'll think,
But gaily laugh and deeply think
While truth and beauty, dancing round,
Strew their flow'rs upon the ground;
And list'ning to my jovial lays,
Join in chorus to thy praise.
What tho' daily I grew old,
My liquor still keeps out the cold;
What though quench'd my am'rous fire,
Beauty still my verse inspire.
Croud around, ye girls and boys,
Listen to my long pass'd joys;

Listen, while I pleased relate,
Pleasures past the reach of fate ;
Then, while on my eager tongue,
Attention waits the whole day long,
I like the Phœnix, shall expire ;
While from out the sacred fire,
Others rise of firmer wing,
Like their parent drink and sing,
Prolong sweet pleasure's basking reign,
And live and die, and live again !

LET THE TOAST BE LOVE AND
BEAUTY.

LET the toast be love and beauty,
While we quaff the gen'rous wine ;
Bacchus calls us to our duty,
Where's the wretch that dare repine ?
Life we know's a scene of trouble,
Jolly messmates, ne'er despair ;
We can prove the world a bubble,
Sailing on the seas of care.

While to windward we are plying,
Strictly here " Life's compass view ;"
And the shiv'ring topsails flying,
Bid yon craggy shore adieu.
Pleasing gales around us veering,
While on board the " Good Intent"
Like true seamen, wisely steering,
To the " Harbour of content."

Gaily sailing on the ocean,
 Fill, brave boys, the flowing can ;
 Trim the sails, observe their motion,
 Fame and honour lead the van.
 Let your pilot be discretion,
 While the raging billows roar ;
 Providence by intercession,
 Lands us safely on the shore.

MY POOR LITTLE HEART.

I'VE often been told of the anguish of lov',
 Arm'd with caution against Cupid's dart ;
 If it e'er should be mine the strange passion to
 prove,
 Lack a daify—my poor little heart.

There is a young shepherd I own, when we
 meet

I'm so blest ! tho' I sigh when we part !
 To be sure this never can be love 'tis so
 sweet,

Lack a daify, &c.

He bought a straw hat at the fair t'other
 day,

Set of with pink ribbons so smart,
 And he gave it to me in a manner so gay,
 Lack a daify—my poor little heart :

But a kiss in return he expected to get,
 I vow'd from a kiss I'd not part,
 But he somehow obtain'd one, and when our
 lips met,
 Lack a daify—my poor little heart.

I vow if its love that I feel for the swain,
 Love, ye virgins, indeed has no smart,
 And, oh! if the lad he should love me again,
 Lack a daify, my poor little heart;
 O dear, if he should, he'll be asking to wed,
 Tho' I'm in no haste, for my part,
 But if he should ask, I may somehow be led,
 Lack a daify—my poor little heart.

THE TOPSAILS FILL.

hen we
 art!
 e 'tis so
 r t'other
 o gay,
 t:

THE topsails fill, the waving bark un-
 moors,
 Adieu, dear Isle, I fly thy native shores,
 Where oft, alas! attention fondly strove,
 In Delia's heart to trace her Henry's love.

So, gentle gale, ah! waft my parting sighs,
 Brought with the anguish of a heart that dies;
 Breathe all the sorrows of a sad adieu,
 Then swiftly speed me from the syren's view.

And thou, sweet soother, whose responsive
 strain,
 Returns each sigh, and echoes every pain,
 O bear this poignant pang, these pangs of wild
 despair,
 And softly sigh them to the cruel fair.

BRITONS! NOW REJOICE TOGETHER.

B RITONS! now rejoice together,
 We have drubb'd those Gallic knaves :
 Our sailors fear'd not wind nor weather,
 Nor the boist'rous roaring waves.

CHORUS.

Rule! Britannia rule the main,
 Our hearty-tars our rights maintain,
 Full thirteen sail were sunk and ta'en,
 All nations this can tell ;
 The rest retreated from the main,
 Brave Nelson bore the bell.
 Rule! Britannia, &c.

See, over half the peopled ball,
 Britannia's armies stride ;
 And proudly on her briny wall,
 Her fleets triumphant ride.
 Rule! Britannia, &c.

Then what have Englishmen to fear,
 Whilst we've such lads as these;
 They keep us from invasion clear,
 We're masters of the sea.
 Rule ! Britannia, &c.

Hail ! brave Nelson, still victorious,
 O'er the fleets of France and Spain ;
 See the navies fly before us,
 Hail great George's happy reign.
 Rule ! Britannia, &c.

SAY HARRIET LOVELY CHARMER
 SAY.

SAY Harriet lovely charmer say,
 When will thou deign to bless,
 The man on whom thy smiles bestow
 The greatest happiness.
 Then wou'd I cull the sweetest flow'rs,
 To deck my fair one's breast ;
 And happy then wou'd pass my hours,
 Of Harriet possess'd.

Long have those eyes enslav'd my heart,
 Those eyes which charm divine :
 And long that constant heart he wish'd
 To join itself to thine.

Each day more dear as time pass'd on,
 Unnumber'd joys we'd prove ;
 Then wou'd my charming Harriet know,
 That I deserv'd her love.

GLEE.

Tune— "*Glorious Apollo.*"

GODDESS of freedom ! from on high be-
 holds us,

While thus to thee we dedicate our lays !
 Long in thy cause hath principle enroll'd us,
 Here to thy name a monument we raise.
 Thus then combining, heart and voice join-
 ing,
 Sing we in harmony to freedom's praise.

Here ev'ry gen'rous sentiment awaking,
 Zeal that inspir'd our patriots of yore :
 Each pledge of freedom giving and partaking,
 Join we our bleeding country to restore.
 Thus then combining, heart and voice joining,
 Send the shout of Liberty from shore to
 shore.

DRINKING SONG.

O'ER the bowl we'll laugh and sing,
 Melancholy hence away ;

Ring, 'tis almost empty,—ring ;
 Fill it, landlord, let's be gay.
 Wake, ye genial sons of mirth,
 Now's the time to baffle care ;
 Tho' we're mortals now on earth,
 Let us fancy heaven here.

Happiness we all pursue,
 Where is more than dwells in wine ?
 Each full bumper gives a new
 Pleasure to the theme divine :
 Why should wealth or care perplex us,
 Both alike to us were sent,
 Women too will often vex us,
 Wine alone will give content.

THE DEATH OF CRAZY JANE.

O'ER the gloomy woods resounding,
 Far, far from the joyless vale,
 Deep the heavy death-bell sounding,
 Tolls a luckless maiden's knell !

Nearer, on the low wind floating,
 Sweetly flows the tuneful strain ;
 Pity's choir the dirge devoting
 To the shade of Crazy Jane.

In that grove, where erst her ditty,
 Wild and loud the mourner rais'd,

While the virgins, mov'd with pity,
Wept to find poor Jane was craz'd :

In that grove, in plaintive numbers,
Slowly falls the solemn strain,
Where the hapless maiden slumbers,
There in peace rests Crazy Jane.

In that grove where Henry left her,
Bleeding with love's cruel smart,
When despair of sense bereft her,
When affliction broke her heart :

In that grove forbear to languish,
Gentle virgins cease the strain—
Death has lull'd from grief and anguish,
Love's sad victim Crazy Jane.

THE RICHMOND PRIMROSE GIRL.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

NEAR bowery Richmond, Thames' pride,
Dwelt Ellen when her father died :
One snowy night he lost his way,
And never more beheld the day ;
Two infant boys around her mother clung,
And kindred grief the heart of Ellen wrung.
Upon the earth her eyes she threw,
The flow'rets wild before her grew ;

Those gifts by bounteous nature spread,
 She gather'd, to procure them bread,
 And thro' the hollow sounding streets,
 By few reliev'd, but jeer'd by many,
 Her cry each morning she repeats,
 Primroses, primroses, primroses, two bunch-
 es a-penny,
 Primroses, two bunches a-penny.

Her pensive way I've seen her keep,
 With anxious step from door to door,
 And oft I've turn'd aside to weep,
 And mourn'd that fortune made me poor;
 Ere early light adorns the sky,
 She roves the heath and valley fenny,
 And towards proud London hastes to cry—
 Primroses, primroses, primroses, two bunches
 a-penny.
 Primroses, two bunches a-penny.

Songs in the Opera of Zelida.

SADI THE MOOR.

THE trees seem'd to fade, as the dear spot
 I'm viewing,
 My eyes fill with tears as I look at the
 door;

And see the lov'd Cottage all sinking in ruin,
The Cottage of Peace and Sadi the Moor.
Poor Sadi was merciful, honest and chearly,
His friends were his life, for he valued them
dearly,

And his sweet dark-ey'd Zelda, he lov'd her
sincerely—

Hard was the fate of poor Sadi the Moor.

As Sadi was toiling, his Zelda was near him,
His children were smiling and prattling be-
fore,

When the pirates appear, from his true-love
they tear him,

And drag to the vessel poor Sadi the Moor.

The forlorn one ray'd loudly, her lost husband
seeking,

His children, and friends, at a distance, were
shrieking,

Poor Sadi cried out, while his sad heart was
breaking,

Pity the sorrows of Sadi the Moor.

In spite of his plaint, to the Galley they bore
him,

His Zelda and children, to mourn and de-
plore,

At morn from his feverish slumbers they tore
him,

And with blows hardly treated poor Sadi the
Moor.

At night up aloft while the still Moon was
clouding,
The thought of his babes on his wretched mind
crowding,
He heav'd a last sigh, and fell dead from the
shrouding,
The sea was the grave of poor Sadi the
Moor.

FAIR OVIA WAS THE SWEETEST
MAID.

FAIR Ovia was the sweetest maid,
She blush'd like op'ning morn,
Her sparkling eyes were like the dews
That deck the spangled thorn.
At every tale of sorrow told,
With tears fair Ovia sigh'd ;
And yet a prey to tyrant power,
Poor Ovia wept and dy'd.
lov'd her with a flame sincere,
Which time could ne'er decay ;
Her parents to a distant land
Bore Ovia far away.
he watch'd each white sail on the wave,
No hope she there descry'd,
ut sinking on the barren sands,
Poor Ovia wept and dy'd.

MY LOV'D PARENTS ARE GONE.

Sung by Miss Waters.

MY lov'd parents are gone—alas, ne'er to
return,

And have left poor Sabina their sufferings to
mourn;

All my friends are dispersed, and I comfortless
roam,

Here a stranger to all—without money or
home:

Escap'd from a nation who wish'd to enslave
her,

A poor little Emigree sues for your favour.

Once encompass'd by pleasure, and cheer'd by
content,

O'er the smooth path of innocence joyful
went;

In our mansion of peace, my fond parents too
blest,

Entwin'd wreaths of delight to encircle my
breast.

Escap'd, &c.

Now no parent, no friend, no country, no
home!

All lost to Sabina—full cheerless I roam:

In this Land of fair Freedom I look for the
 smile,
 Which can soften distress, and my sorrows be-
 guile.
 Escap'd from a nation, &c. &c.

CONQUEST OF ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

THE attraction I sing, from peasant to king,
 Thro' country, thro' city, and thro'
 land,
 Is a subject of old, with both coward and
 bold,

Far superior to Abraham Newland,
 O Abraham Newland!

Notified Abraham Newland! [eyes,
 The girl that we prize, with a pair of black
 Will prove fatal to Abraham Newland.

The delicate air, with the charms of the fair,
 In whatever country you may land,
 Whether Christian or Jew, at the very first
 view,

Will take place of an Abraham Newland,
 O Abraham Newland!

Discomfited Abraham Newland!
 Her voice that's so sweet, and her person so
 neat,
 Are destruction to Abraham Newland.

Tho' most are inclin'd to think Justice is
blind,

Yet lawyers can very well view land ;
For a lawyer can see (like my neighbour and
me)

A superior to Abraham Newland ;

O Abraham Newland !

Ridiculous Abraham Newland !

The girl of the heart, without guile, without
art,

Is a death stroke to Abraham Newland.

Even courtiers in place, and patriots in chace,

May as locusts both cover and strew land ;

Yet, forgetting all care, they retire to the
fair,

Never thinking of Abraham Newland ;

O Abraham Newland !

Wonderful Abraham Newland !

How they loll at their ease with the lass that
will please,

And then scoff at poor Abraham Newland.

Eyen Abraham himself, in spite of his pelf,

If the French or the Dutch ever do land,

Would let the Bank pass in protecting his
lass,

Never caring for Abraham Newland ;

O Abraham Newland !

Magnanimous Abraham Newland !

What tri-colour'd elf, or what Devil himself,
Could thus conquer bold Abraham New-
land ?

THE CONFESSION.

A Favourite Canzonet.

WITH sorrow and repentance true,
Father, I trembling come to you—
You know I've too indulgent been,
To one, but ah ! forgive the sin—
To one whom still I love, tho' he
Ingrateful prove, and false to me !
Then let me on my knees confess,
How I've been tempted to transgress.
Oh, reverend Father, if you knew,
The charms of him, alas ! untrue ;
Oh, had you heard the false one swear,
How was the fairest of the fair—
You would not, holy Sir, refuse,
To slight a weakness to excuse ;
He swore he'd never love me less,
Oh, Father, must I then confess ?
O grief, eternal grief a prey,
His name is all my heart can say,
When bath'd in sad repentant tears,
Still to my mind his name appears.

Yes, 'tis that name, that name alone,
Which bends me now before thy throne—
Alcandor!—but I can't express—
Oh, Father, must I then confess?

O tell him, should he come to you,
And thus, like me, for mercy sue—
Tell him, of all the crimes accurst—
Tell him, Inconstancy's the worst!—
Tell him that he who's false in love,
Can ne'er hope pity from above:—
Tell him that I alone can bless,
And send him to me to confess.

COME, MY FRIENDS BE MERRY.

COME, come, my friends, be merry,
And jocund let us sing—
Come, come, my friends be merry,
I know no better thing;
We are not Whigs nor Tories,
For factions we despise,
I hate such tedious stories,
A jovial heart I prize.
Come, come, &c.

'Tis wine that friendship mellows,
And truth within it rolls—
Then drink, my hearty fellows,
E'en gods love flowing bowls.

The goblet fill—be jolly,
 For as the glass goes round,
 Away flies melancholy,
 And grief no more is found.
 Come, come, &c.

And let it now be granted
 That here no discord mix,
 But love and friendship planted,
 Within our hearts may fix.
 Away we'll drive dull sorrow,
 With mirth we'll fill the place,
 This night from care we'll borrow,
 And banish all his race.
 Come, come, &c.

RY.
 rry,

ADIEU MY FAIR.

A Favourite Ballad, composed by E. Bailey.

A DIEU, my fair ! this hapless day
 Tears me from all my joys away,
 Remov'd from love and thee !
 Who knows (O cause of all my pain)
 Thou wilt hear me once complain,
 Or lose one thought on me.

fancied scenes the happy spot,
 Where thou and bliss were once my lot,
 My cheerful mind shall see :

A thousand thoughts shall wake my pain;
But who can tell if thou wilt deign
To fix one thought on me.

Yet still my Damon's only aim
Is a pure, gen'rous, mutual flame,
Ah ! what his pain must be,
Think what he feels at this farewell;
Yet, dearest maid, ah ! who can tell,
If e'er thou'lt think on me.

'T WAS IN THE SOLEMN MIDNIGHT
HOUR.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

'T WAS in the solemn midnight hour,
When all was dark around ;
When planets strike, and spells have pow'r,
And mandrakes cleave the ground :
I heard a voice as from a tomb,
The bell then beating one ;
Adieu, it cried, I meet my doom,
My life's last sand is run.

'Twas William's voice, 'twas William's
form,
Wet from his wat'ry grave ;
I sink, he cry'd, beneath the storm;
I sleep beneath the wave ;

Starting I rise and snatch my gown,
 And hasten to the shore ;
 I see the gallant ship go down,
 But see my love no more.

AT LUCY'S DOOR WAS COLIN
 SEEN.

AT Lucy's door was Colin seen,
 He knock'd, and ask'd, " Is none with-
 in ? "

" 'Tis Colin calls, haste gentle maid : "
 She came, and " No," she said.

He sigh'd and sued in piteous plight,
 " No, No," she cries, " I die with fright !
 " 'Tis late, 'tis dark—I'm all alone,
 " It must not be—Begone ! "

O'erwhelm'd with grief, he moves away,
 Now lifts, now hears her turn the key,
 And softly cry, " A moment, come,
 One word, then speed thee home. "

With prying wish the neighbours burn,
 And watch and wait the youth's return ;
 And true, he came, but not till day—
 They laugh'd—he sunk away !

GRANT ME HER FOR WHOM I
SIGH.

Sung by Mr. Kelly.

GRANT me her for whom I sigh,
In love's sequester'd bowers,
Full 'swiftly would the minutes fly,
Full smoothly glide the hours.
But tear the dear-lov'd maid away,
Then anxious thoughts the soul engage;
While every minute seems a day,
And ev'ry hour—an age!

Give me all thou canst bestow,
Young god of fond desire!
If hoary time move swift or slow,
I seek not to inquire.
Ah! days of bliss, ye lightly pass!
Yet oft when time would turn his hand,
If lovers tears have damp'd his glass,
How heavy runs the sand!

THE IRISH SHIP BUILDER.

Sung by Mr. Macartney, in the Volcano.

IN the model I'm bringing before ye,
If here you'll be taking a trip;

I'll just shew you Britain's own glory
 Made out in the shape of a ship.
 'Tis the thing that preserves all our treasure,
 Makes all our opposers afraid,
 Brings riches, and honour, and pleasure,
 And swimmingly carries on trade,
 Wid my smalliloo, &c.

The lad who first set them a going
 Deserv'd all the world for his pains,
 His stomach wid sense it was flowing,
 His hat cover'd plenty of brains.
 For before these same ships were invented,
 The water was all at a stand,
 And islands at sea were contented
 To visit each other by land.
 Wid my, &c.

When England began to be building,
 And likewise dear Ireland also,
 Such pitching and painting, and gilding,
 No mortal sure never did know.
 By my soul it made great alteration,
 To see the folks how they did sail
 Upon ships between each of the nations,
 I'm told it quite knock'd up the mail.
 Wid my, &c.

Then the Frenchmen, the devil receive 'em,
 Built ships, rafts, and flat-bottom'd boats,

And swore, tho' no soul would believe 'em,
 They'll come, and be cutting our throats.
 Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, and Nelson
 Went over to quiet the fufs,
 And convinc'd the Mounseers pretty well
 soon,
 They only were building for us.
 Wid my, &c.

THE FISHERMAN.

Tune—*The Waterman.*

I AM, d'ye see, a fisherman,
 And fear no wind or weather,
 While Mate and I,
 Our tackle try,
 And friendly haul together :
 When o'er the beech high breakers dash,
 We fearless keep afloat :
 And cheek by jowl,
 Contented troll,
 Where fish are to be caught :
 Well fenc'd within, our bosoms light,
 Full readily we go ;
 And still when stormy dangers press,
 No men alive mind danger less,
 Than I and my partner Joe.

Some dread the winds, and some the waves,
 'Tis all an idle notion ;
 More cruel foes,
 No seaman knows,
 Than those which skirt the ocean :
 When winds and waves the vessel spare,
 Fell rocks and sands devour,
 And worse than they,
 Like beasts of prey,
 Oft landsmen prowl the shore :
 But should we live on sad distress,
 Like savage lubbers ?—No :
 And o'er the deck when dangers press,
 No men alive mind plunder less,
 Than I and my partner Joe.

KISS AND TI-TAL-LARY.

Sung by Mr. Wallack, &c.

HE.—COME my charming dear,
 'Tis a lover's ditty,
 When we wed, my dear,
 Shan't we then so pretty—
 Ti-ti-ti-tol-lol, kifs and ti-tal-
 lary ?

SHE.—But shou'd you prove false,
 Aye, and leave me ever,

Then I fear, my love,
We shou'd, ah, no never,
Ti-ti-ti-tol-lol, &c.

HE.——I prove false to you ;
What, my deeree, harm her !
Blow me if I do—
But we will, my charmer,
Ti-ti-ti-tol-lol, &c.

SHE.——Now my heart's as light,
Aye, as any feather ;

HE.——And by day and night,
We will both together,
Ti-ti-ti-tol-lol, &c.

HE.——Come now, gie's a buss,
Sure, too long we've tarried ;

SHE.——Aye, so much the worfe,
Come, let us be married,
And ti-ti-ti-tol-lol, &c.

HENRY AND ROSA.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan, in the Secret.

MAJESTIC rose the god of day,
In yon bright burnish'd sky,
Old Ocean kindled at the ray,
And heav'd himself oh nigh :

On the deck Henry stood,
 To view the swelling tide,
 Ah—no—Henry—no!
 He thought not of the flood,
 'Twas Rosa by his side.

Now softly sunk the setting sun,
 Beneath his wat'ry bed,
 The evening watch was hush'd and done,
 The pilot hung his head.
 On the deck Rosa staid,
 To view the waters glide,
 Ah—no—Rosa—no!
 Such thought ne'er touch'd the maid,
 'Twas Henry by her side.

— —
 MY SPIRITS ARE MOUNTING.

MY spirits are mounting, my heart's full
 of glee,
 Sweet hope like a rose on my bumper I see ;
 My cares are all colour'd with joy as they
 pass,
 And my soul is all sunshine when lit by my
 glafs.

Fal de ral, &c.

Away from my view fly the world and its
 strife,
 The banquet of fancy's the feast of my life ;

All love's melting energies sink in my soul,
And the fountain of bliss is let loose in my
bowl.

Fal de ral, &c.

You ask why I drink, and my reason is
plain,
To gild with bright colours life's picture
again;
From the cold track of care my warm heart
to remove,
And revel transported with nature and love.

Fal de ral, &c.

To the fairer I fill, to the fairer I think,
Mine is not a clay that grows muddy with
drink;
The bubbles that rise in gay colours are drest,
And love's the soft sediment lies at my breast.

Fal de ral, &c.

My spirits in bursts of wild sympathy start,
And friendship's kind current flows pure from
my heart;
And ardour so social ennobles each thought,
And I curse the cold maxims dame prudence
has taught.

Fal de ral, &c.

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What say soothing Gods! when thou bring'st
to my view

Those scenes of wild softness my bosom once
knew ;

I gaze as fond Memory's vision goes by,
And double the bliss, tho' the tear's in my
eye.

Fal de ral, &c.

Then give me, great Gods, but a friend with
my wine,

Whose heart has been heated and soften'd like
mine ;

In social effusions we'll cherish each soul,
And share the wild magic that lies in the
bowl.

Fal de ral, &c.

TO MARY.

THE dream that cheer'd my suffering
hours,

Which whisper'd such sweet hope to me,
Is fled for ever from my eyes—

I wake to misery !

Oh! and is all so soon forgot?

Must love thus perish in its youth?

Where is the vow you lately gave

Of everlasting truth?

The flow'rs that Spring invites to bloom
 Are sweet—but soon, alas ! decay !
 The cloud that decks the Summer morn,
 Soon vanisheth away !

The drops which hang upon the flow'rs
 Are beauteous—but deceitful prove :
 The slightest breath can shake them off—
 And such is Mary's love.

Had'st thou been true, I could have borne
 The heaviest ill that round me wait ;—
 But I shall shrink before the storm,
 For now I'm desolate !

Why did you suffer me to think
 Of love, of beauty, and of joy ?
 Since you could raise these tender thoughts,
 Ah ! why those thoughts destroy ?

Send not fair Hope again to me,
 My heart will not be twice deceiv'd ;
 For tho' she tries her every charm,
 She will not be believ'd !

What then remains ? Now thou art gone,
 There's nought in life I wish to have ;
 Where can I look again for peace ?
 I look towards the grave !

Oh! "sweet Rose of May," no more
 For me, for others thou wilt bloom—
 I will not ask of thee to drop
 One blossom o'er my tomb.

No—may the brightest Summer suns
 On thee their kindest influence shed!—
 When I, poor outcast, shall become
 Forgotten with the dead!

A NEW POLITICAL DANCE.

I Had knock'd my last pipe out, and slept
 into bed,

It was twelve, or at least pretty near,
 When the strangest conceits found their way
 to my head,

And thus Fancy began her career.

My mind all the day had been thinking on
 France,

Her fleets, and her armies on shore;
 So I dreamt that all nations stood up for a
 dance,

Such a dance as was ne'er seen before.

Sardinia, Germany, Prussia, and Spain,
 Were the foremost who jugg'd it away;

Then England stood up—bid 'em play a bold
strain,
And with Holland they all danc'd the
hey.

Thus join'd hand in hand, they all danc'd in
a ring,

France caper'd and kick'd in the middle ;
But so quick were their tunes that they snapt
ev'ry string,

And broke down the bridge of the fiddle.

Tho' the figure was chang'd, they still flourish'd
their toes,

I ne'er saw such work at a ball !

France took out her snuff-box, and turn'd up
her nose,

Saying—" Here's face to face with you
all !"

Then she jump'd and she footed, and frisk'd
it to L'isle,

She there danc'd the best, I must own ;—
All the company said " she advanced in good
style !"

But again she fell back at Toulon.

Such dancing must harrafs poor mortals to
death,

I remark'd how each strove for renown ;
But Holland declar'd she was quite out of
breath,

And, without asking leave, she sat down.

Poor Prussia fatigued, was the next to begin
 A proposal to finish the rout ;
 But Spain starting back said—" It Prussia
 gives in,
 I am sure it is time to give out !"

I dreamt there must now be an end to the
 fun,
 And that no other feats would be shewn ;
 For at length other dancers fell off one by
 one,
 And left England and France all alone.

But again they went at it—each cried—" play
 away"—
 Come, Fiddlers, strike up to some tune ;
 As to England, her step was so vigorous and
 gay,
 That I thought she'd leap over the moon.

Then they danc'd to the Nile—but in Egypt,
 good lack,
 My dream was put into a flurry ;
 France made a false step, and fell flat on her
 back,
 And I thought she'd not rise in a hurry.

Then I laugh'd in my sleeve, as she sprawl'd
 on the floor,
 When I saw her kick up both her heels.

But Russia and Turkey bounc'd in at the door,
And with England were dancing Scotch
reels ;

Well, I thought I had got all their steps to a
charm :

Nay, while sleeping, I cried out—" I've got
'em !"

When I gave my poor wife such a thump on
her arm,

That she wak'd me, by slapping my bottom.

CHEERFUL AND MELLOW.

FOR a song I'm in excellent strain,
My spirits are light as a feather ;
I have got my gay heart back again,
That late was in love's heavy tether :
No longer I'll sigh in despair,
No longer a sad silly fellow ;
You may see tho' I have had care,
Yet my temper is cheerful and mellow.

For Chloe I died on the rack,
While Phillis for me was despairing,
Yet love ever runs in this track,
In spite of our cursing and caring.
Let fools then at destiny swear,
I leave them to bluster and bellow.

You' may see tho' I have had care,
Yet my temper is cheerful and mellow.

Good Lord, when I think of her eyes,
I ask how I lived thro' my sorrow :

How madness could cool or grow wise,
That ever grew worse with the morrow.

Am I cured by the bowl or the fair,
Is it punch, or a kind punchinello :

You may see tho' I have had care,
Yet my temper is cheerful and mellow.

If any be struck deep as I,
By Jove he must run and not reason :

Like me make an effort and fly,
And drink in her absence a season.

Sing this, and soft music beware,
Lute, fiddle, and violencello :

And he'll find tho' he has had care,
That he'll soon become cheerful and mellow.

Perhaps you might wish me to shew,
How a heart that is hit may recover ;

By Jove, if he dangles, I know
No maxim to save a true lover.

He must gallop from jealous despair,
Or wait to be cursed like Othello :

And he'll find tho' he has had care,
That he'll soon become cheerful and mellow.

Then lovers, if any there be,
Who wish for a cure at this table,
In my song an example you see,
When willing, how much we are able;
For tho' its no elegant air,
With a cadence of fine Rhetornello:
You may see tho' I have had care,
Yet my temper is cheerful and mellow.

JACK TIMBER-TOE.

WHILE sloth reclines on beds of down,
And av'rice counts exhaustless hoards;
The gallant tar to gain renown,
Spurns all that pomp or pelf affords ;
And toss'd a-loft or tumbld low,
He ploughs the deep with yoh heh yoh ;
And so has poor Jack Timber-toe,
Plough'd seas and oceans with yoh heh yoh,
Yoh yoh heh yoh,
Yoh yoh heh yoh.

When raging tempest shakes the sky,
And splits the mast or rends the sail,
And billows swell to mountains high,
And now present a yawning vale!
Serene while blasts tremendous blow,
Her stems the gale with yoh heh yoh;

And so has poor Jack Timber-toe,
Brav'd storms and whirlwinds with yoh heh
yoh,

Yoh yoh heh yoh,
Yoh yoh heh yoh.

When lines are form'd for slaughter's dole,
And blood and carnage stain the deep;
Amidst the din his dauntless soul
His station'd post resolves to keep:
While death-wing'd balls fly to and fro,
And cannons roaring drown yoh heh yoh;
And so has poor Jack Timber-toe,
Stood thund'ring broadsides with yoh heh yoh,
Yoh yoh heh yoh,
Yoh yoh heh yoh.

All gash'd with wounds on hammock laid,
He through the port-hole views the wave;
His destin'd tomb, yet undismay'd,
He smiling hails his wat'ry grave;
And waits the call of life's dread foe,
As firm and fearless as yoh heh yoh;
And so may poor Jack Timber-toe,
Face death undaunted with yoh heh yoh,
Yoh yoh heh yoh,
Yoh yoh heh yoh.

THE STORM.

DARK was the dawn! and o'er the deep,
The chilling whirlwinds blew;
The sea-bird wheel'd its circling sweep,
And all was drear to view!
When on the sandy beach that binds our
shore,
The love-lorn Nancy shriek'd, amidst the
deaf'ning roar.

Her streaming eyes beheld the main,
While on her William dear
She madly call'd, but call'd in vain,
No sound could William hear,
Save the shrill yelling of the fatal blast,
While ev'ry messmate's heart quick shudder'd
as it past.

"Be still," she cried, "loud tempest
cease;"

Ah! spare the gallant souls!
Mysterious Heaven! the winds increase!
The sea, like mountains, rols!
While from the deck the storm drench'd vis-
tims leap,
And, o'er their lifeless forms, the furious billows sweep!

“ Oh, cruel power ! Oh, ruthless fate,
Does Heav’n’s high will decree,
That some should sleep on beds of state,
Some in the roaring sea ?

Some nurs’d in lux’ry, deal oppression’s blow,
While humble merit pines in poverty and
woe ;”

“ Could the proud rulers of the land
The sable race behold ;

Some, bow’d by torture’s giant-hand,
And others, bought with gold ;

Then would they pity slaves, and cry with
shame,

Whate’er our tints may be, our souls are still
the same.”

“ Why seek to mock the Ethiop’s face ?

Why goad the hapless kind,

Can features alienate the race ?

Is there no kindred mind ?

Does not the cheek that vaunts the roseate
hue,

Must blush for crimes the Ethiop never knew ?”

Behold ! the angry waves conspire

To check the barb’rous toil !

While wounded nature’s vengeful ire

Roars round our trembling isle !

Methinks her voice re-echoes in the wind,
 "Man was not form'd by Heav'n to trample
 on his kind."

The lab'ring ship was now a wreck,
 The shrouds were flutt'ring wide ;
 The guns thrown o'er; the lofty deck,
 Was rock'd from side to side !
 Poor Nancy's cheek was bath'd with pity's
 tear,
 And from her icy lip the blood recoil'd with
 fear !

Now on the yielding sand she roam'd,
 And madd'ning at the view,
 Mark'd where the liquid mountains foam'd
 Around th' exhausted crew,
 Till from the forecastle, her William's form
 Sprang 'mid the yawning waves, and buffeted
 storm.

Long on the swelling surge sustain'd,
 Brave William fought the shore ;
 Watch'd the white cliffs, but ne'er com-
 plain'd,
 Then sunk—to gaze no more !
 Poor Nancy saw him buried by the wave,
 And, with her heart's true love, plung'd in
 wat'ry grave !

ERE SORROW TAUGHT MY EYES
TO FLOW.

ERE sorrow taught my eyes to flow,
They call'd me "happy Mary;"
In rural cot, my humble lot,
I play'd like any Fairy.
And when the Sun, with golden ray,
Sunk down the western sky,
Upon the green to dance and play,
The first was happy I:
Fond as the dove, was my true love,
Oh! he was kind to me!
And what was still my greater pride,
I thought I should be William's bride,
When he return'd from sea.

Ah! what avails remembrance now?
It lends a dart to sorrow,
My once lov'd cot, and happy lot
But loads with grief to-morrow.
My William's buried in the deep,
And I am sore oppress'd!
Now all the day I sit and weep;
All night I know no rest.
I dream of waves, and sailors graves
In horrid wrecks I see!
And when I hear the midnight wind,
All comfort flies my troubled mind,
For William's lost at sea,

INDEED, MY DEAR, IN VAIN YOU
STRIVE.

INDEED, my dear, in vain you strive,
To keep a ling'ring flame alive ;
And tho' you fret, and vex, and teaze,
No longer can your beauty please.
Why do you sigh, and think it strange,
That I should rove, that I should range ?
Observe all Nature's works, you'll see,
They justify inconstancy.
Why do you sigh, &c.

The sun and moon alternate rise,
The stars do wander in the skies,
The earth doth all her bounties bear,
From seasons varying thro' the year :
Then since 'tis Nature's law to change,
'Tis constancy alone is strange ;
And why, my dear, should I pretend,
Great Nature's statutes to amend.

WHEN OUR COUNTRY CALLS TO
ARMS.

WHEN our country calls to arms
Native zeal inflames each breast ;
Fame displays her dauntless charms,
In every martial splendour drest :

Yet in pity's steps we tread,
Nor cruelly war's weapons lave :
When a prostrate foe shall plead,
Our greatest glory be to save !

Invasion's threat can ne'er affright,
Our country's wrongs will lead us on;
Justice shall guide us in the fight,
And mercy when the battle's won.
Then, if gasping in the field,
Some hero draws his latest breath,
To soft humanity we yield,
And weep for a brave soldier's death.

TO HEAVE HO.

MY name, d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've feed
a little sarvice,
Where mighty billows roll and loud tempests
blow ;
I've sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with
noble Jarvis,
And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out
yo heave ho.

Yet more shall ye be knowing,
I was cockswain to Boscawen,
And even with brave Hawke I have nobly fac'd
the foe.

Then put round the grog,
So we've that and our prog,
We'll laugh in care's face, and sing yo heave
ho.

When from my love to part I first weigh'd
anchor,
And she was snivelling seen on the beach be-
low,
I'd like to cotch'd my eyes snivelling too, d'ye
see, to thank her,
But I brought my sorrows up with a yo heave
ho:

For sailors, tho' they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to
go:
So I seiz'd the capstan bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And in spite of tears and sighs sung out yo
heave ho.

But the worst on't was that time when the lit-
tle ones were sickly,
And if they'd live or die, the Doctor did not
know,
The word was gov'd to weigh so sudden and
so quickly,
I thought my heart would break as I sung yo
heave ho.

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For Poll's so like her mother,
And as for Jack, her brother,
The boy when he grows up, will nobly fight
the foe ;

But in Providence I trust,
What must be must,
So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out
yo heave ho.

And now at last laid up in a decentish condi-
tion,

For I've only lost an eye and got a timber toe ;
But old ships must expect in time to be out of
commission,

Nor again the anchor weigh with a yo heave
ho.

So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,
For my boy shall revenge my wrongs,
And my girl shall breed young sailors nobly for
to face the foe.

Then to country and king,
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of old England sing out yo
heave ho.

FINALE.

Sung in the Embarkation.

O! thus Britannia's sails unfurl'd,
Whatever shores the waters lave,

Announce to an astonish'd world,
She comes to conquer and to save :

Thus, riding through the troubled air,
On whirlwind's winds the angel rides,
Gives lenient comfort to despair,
And sooths to peace the ruffled tides.

Mute is the voice where tyrants sway,
And thought itself scarce dares to roam
But Freedom opes a gen'rous way,
And Britons in this cause strike home!

DUETT.

*Mrs. Bland, and Mr. Bannister, as Mary and
Juniper, in the Embarkation.*

MANY times, with dance and song,
Fal, lal, &c.

We have join'd the jocund throng,
Fal, lal, &c.

Like two birds upon a spray,
We have sung the live-long day.
Fal, lal, &c.

Then was ours a simple lay,
Fal, lal, &c.

• Ever cheerful, ever gay ;
Fal, lal, &c.

But, since war has been our lot,
Village sports are quite forgot.

Fal, lal, &c.

Should we of bullets be the sport,

Fal, lal, &c.

And our poor thread of life cut short,

Fal, lal, &c.

Then our departing prayer shall be

For England, Truth, and Victory.

Fal, lal, &c.

THE GALLANT TAR FROM WAR RETURNS.

Sung in the Entertainment of the Naval Pillar.

THE gallant tar from war returns,

To seek his fair one's smiles ;

With honest joy his bosom burns,

Relating former toils.

And may each son of Neptune find,

Returning from the fight,

The fair one true he left behind,

And doubled each delight.

FINALE.

Sung in the Naval Pillar.

BRITANNIA.

TO Neptune enthron'd as he govern'd the
sea,

From my cliff-skirted isle I dispatch'd a pe-
tition,

That he its protector and patron would be,
When this charter arriv'd without let or
condition :

Navigation and trade no more be afraid,
The ocean is yours, and I'll lend you my aid,
Besides, I'll instruct you like me to entwine
The fruits of fair Commerce round Liberty's
shrine.

Besides, I'll, &c.

BEN.

Then news over Gallia immediately flew,
French and Spaniards pretended to give
themselves airs,

If Britons are suffer'd their schemes to pursue
There's an end of our projects, our hopes
and our cares.

So they sent out a fleet which the English
men beat,

And a second, sunk, taken, and forc'd to re-
treat,

Was oblig'd to confess that 'tis we who en-
twine

The fruits of fair Commerce round Liberty's
shrine.

Was oblig'd, &c.

DENNIS.

Then Mynheer from his mouth in great wrath
took his pipe,

And swore our pretensions we sorely should
rue,

That the time had arrived, and the project was
ripe,

Shou'd teach poor John Bull a fresh course
to pursue :

With this threat he set sail, 'twas of little
avail,

They'd the worst on't at sea, and at home they
turn'd tail ;

But now safe in our port they the Orange en-
twine,

and the fruits of fair Commerce round Liber-
ty's shrine.

But now, &c.

FIRELOCK.

Then join Sons of Britain the world to con-
vince,

You have hearts tun'd to harmony, friend-
ship and joy,

That your love to each other, your country and
prince,

Can never be lessen'd, or suffer alloy.

May Britannia still be the Queen of the Sea,
May our king, laws, and people for ever be
free,

And soon with the blessings of peace may we
twine,

The fruits of our Commerce round Liberty's
shrine.

And soon may, &c.

CHARMING SUE.

Tune—*Life's like a Sea.*

SONS of mirth and social pleasure,
Fill the fancy stirring bowl,
Bumpers let us drink at leisure,
As the fleeting moments roll.
Joyous sailing on life's ocean,
To dull care we bid adieu,
Bacchant's all you'll like my notion,
Here's a glass to charming Sue.

Vainly let the sordid miser,
Heap his mountains up of gold,
We pursue a path more wiser,
Favour'd by the brave and bold.

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Jolly mortals, fill your glasses,
 What have we with fools to do,
 Half mankind we know are asses,
 Here's a glass to charming Sue.

Briskly fill your bumpers higher,
 Life ye know is but a span,
 Those are precepts we admire,
 "The study of mankind is man."
 So say the learned, bred at college,
 We'll their maxims then pursue,
 Pledge me from their cup of knowledge,
 Here's to lovely charming Sue.

DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

Sung at Astley's Amphitheatre.

FRENCHMAN.

NOW, Mynheer Van Hoot, Sare, you stand
 by me,

And me keep you safe from all harm, Sir ;
 You ne'er mind dat fellow, Jean Bull, d'ye
 see,

Ha, no ! but e'er laugh at alarm, Sir.
 Though he tell you dis, and he tell you dat,
 Why, you know very well, what he would be
 at,

With his Ic ben, &c.

DUTCHMAN.

Yaw, me know, Monsieur, what that John
Bull do,

And I'll tell you what he's about, Sir ;

Why, he first come in here, then he turn out
you,

And put all the French to the rout, Sir ;

And this let me say, tho' you promis'd us
much,

Why, it tends but to prove you would starve
out the Dutch.

With your Ic ben, &c.

FRENCHMAN.

Vat you mean, Mynheer, ve vill make you all
free,

And fill your broad pocket beside, Sir ;

Ve vill make you respected by land and by
sea,

And spread your big name far and wide,
Sir ;

And den, Sare, you join with my great nation

And rise, or fall, which you know is all one.

With your Ic ben, &c.

DUTCHMAN.

Yaw, yaw, that may be, we may sure enough
fall,

For since you have been on our land, Sir ;

Why, you grapple our guelders, our trade, and
our all,

And leave us scarce one leg to stand, Sir ;
Then the millions of ducats you force us to
pay,

Make the Dutchman to wish you would all
march away.

With your Ic ben, &c.

FRENCHMAN.

Now me be, begar, Sare, your very good
friend,

While Jean Bull he play de humbug, Sir ;
Den de Frenchmen so fight, you have nothing
to fear,

So me give you the fraternal hug, Sir.

Vat, you turn, Sare, away ; well, begar, you
be wrong,

When me learn, Sare, your dance, and me sing,
Sare, your song,

With a Ic ben, &c.

DUTCHMAN.

Aw, you join in our song and you move in
our dance,

While you sting us, Monsieur, like a viper ;

L

For you bring us your music to please us, from
France,

But you make us for to pay the piper ;
But your friendship now, makes a Dutchman
shy,

So he bids your damn'd Carmagnol good by.
With a le ben, &c.

OPEN THE DOOR THOU DEAR
UNKIND.

OH, open the door, thou dear unkind !
Ere night's deep shadows lower,
For cold and sullen blows the wind,
And heavy beats the shower ;
Let me thy love and pity move,
For, ah ! my tender form,
With sorrow burden'd, and with love,
Can ill endure the storm.

Beneath thy shades, love-lorn and lost,
I tremble at the gloom ;
While fleeting near, the restless ghost,
Forsakes the op'ning tomb,
Some perjur'd lover to upbraid,
• To all his vows untrue ;
Here, Gregory, ev'ry leafy shade,
• Upbraids thy falshood too.

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Estrang'd from joy and kindred love,
 An exile from my home,
 Thy proffer'd friendship now to prove
 Toward thy towers I come ;
 But thee I seek in vain to find,
 My tender griefs to share,
 The deep voice of the mournful wind,
 Sounds only back—Despair.

Yet, perjur'd, add not to the smart,
 Thy former falsehood gave ;
 Nor rend with cruelty the heart,
 Which pity still might save.
 Oh, shun me not, for pity's sake !
 My hopes may fruitless be ;
 Yet, Gregory, if my heart should break,
 I'll ne'er complain of thee.

CANZONET.

AH ! whither is happiness fled,
 Ah ! where is contentment conceal'd ?
 All seek them in yon lonely shed
 Thro' woodbines and briars reveal'd.
 There health and contentment reside,
 There happiness oft is a guest ;
 First sings by the wood-fire side,
 And peace rocks the cradle of rest.

Affrighted, from cities they fly,
 Where Pleasure's enamouring bowl
 Gives birth to the tear, and the sigh,
 Seduces, and poisons the soul :—
 Where Treachery calls itself trade,
 And honour dissolves into gain ;
 Where the icicle heart is display'd—
 An emblem of Apathy's reign.

Sweet peace, and contentment, and health,
 To you shall my orisons rise ;
 Above all the tinsel of wealth
 Your heart-thrilling blessings I prize :
 If constant my Elinor prove,
 And add, O content ! to thy store
 Her innocence, beauty and love,
 I'm happy, and sigh for no more.

FAVOURITE AIRS IN THE TURNPIKE
 GATE.

Mr. Inceden.

TOM Starboard was a lover true,
 As brave a tar as ever failed ;
 The duties, ablest seamen do,
 Tom did, and never yet had failed :
 But wreck'd as he was homeward bound,
 • Within a league of England's coast ;

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Love sav'd him, sure, from being drown'd,
For more than half the crew was lost.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
Nay, when he'd lost an arm, resign'd,
Said, "Love for Nan, his only dear,
Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind."
And now, tho' wreck'd, yet Tom return'd,
Of all past hardships made a joke;
For still his manly bosom burn'd,
With love—his heart, 'twas heart of oak.

His strength restor'd, Tom nimbly ran,
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before, that Tom had died.
With grief she daily pin'd away,
No remedy her life could save,
And Tom arriv'd the very day,
They laid his Nancy in the grave.

Miss Simms.

PRAY, young man, your suit give over,
Heaven design'd you not for me;
Cease to be a whining lover,
Sour and sweet can ne'er agree:
Clownish in each limb and feature,
You've no skill to dance and sing;

At best you're but an awkward creature,
I, you know, am quite the thing.

As I soon may roll in pleasure,
Bumpkin, I must bid adieu ;
Can you think, that such a treasure,
E'er was destin'd, man, for you ?
No,—Mayhap, when I am carried,
'Mongst the great, to dance and sing ;
To some great lord I may be married,
All allow, I'm quite the thing.

Mr. Fawcett.

BRITANNIA's Sons at sea,
In battle always brave ;
Strike to no power, d'ye see,
That ever plough'd the wave.
Fal, lal, &c.

But when we're not afloat,
'Tis quite another thing ;
We strike to Petticoat,
Get groggy, dance and sing—
Fal, lal, &c.

With Nancy deep in love,
I once to sea did go,

Return'd, she cry'd, "by Jove,
 "I'm married, dearest Joe."
 Fal, lal, &c. (mimicks her.)
 Great guns! I scarce cou'd hold,
 To find that I was flung;
 But Nancy prov'd a scold,
 'Then I got drunk, and sung,
 Fal, lal, &c. (hickups.)

At length I did comply,
 And made a rib of Sue:
 What tho' she'd but one eye,
 It pierc'd my heart like two,
 Fal, lal, &c.
 And now I take my glafs,
 Drink England, and my King,
 Content with my old las,
 Get groggy, dance and sing,
 Fal, lal, &c. (hickups.)

Mr. Hill.

LOVELY woman! 'tis thou,
 To whose virtue I bow,
 Thy charms to sweet rapture give birth;
 Thine electrical soul,
 Lends life to the whole,
 And a blank without thee were this earth—

Oh! let me thy soft power,
Every day,—every hour,
With my heart, honour, worship, adore!
Thou present, 'tis May,
Winter when thou'rt away—
Can a man, I would ask, wish for more?

In a dream, I have seen
Fancy's perfect-made Queen,
Which, waking, in vain have I sought;
But sweet, Mary, 'twas you
Rich fancy then drew,
Thou'rt the vision which sleeping she
wrought;
Lovely woman's soft pow'r,
Every day,—every hour,
Let my heart honour, worship, adore!
Thou present, 'tis May,
Winter when thou'rt away,
Can a man, I would ask, wish for more?

MASONIC SONGS.

Tune—*Attic Fire.*

DIVINE Urania, virgin pure!
Enthron'd in the Olympian bow'r,
I here invoke thy lays!

Celestial muse ! awake the lyre,
With heav'n-born sweet seraphic fire,
Free masonry to praise.

The stately structures that arise,
Arise brush the concave of the skies,
Still ornament thy shrine :
Th' aspiring domes, those works of ours,
"The solemn temples—cloud-capt tow'rs,"
Confess the art divine.

With Prudence all our actions are,
By bible, compass, and by square,
In love and truth combin'd ;
While justice and benevolence,
With fortitude and temperance,
Adorn and grace the mind.

NO SECT IN THE WORLD CAN WITH
MASONS COMPARE.

Tune—*Hearts of Oak.*

NO sect in the world can with Masons com-
pare,

So ancient, so noble the badge which they
wear,

That all other orders, however esteem'd,
Inferior to Masonry justly are deem'd.

CHORUS.

We always are free,
And for ever agree ;
Supporting each other,
Brother helps brother,
No mortals on earth are so friendly as we.

When first attic fire mortals' glory became,
Tho' small was the spark, it soon grew to a
flame ;
As Phœbus celestial, transcendently bright,
It spread o'er the world a fresh torrent of
light.

We always, &c.

The greatest of monarchs, the wisest of men,
Free-masonry honour'd again and again;
And nobles have quitted all other delights,
With joy to preside o'er our mystical rites.

We always, &c.

Tho' some may pretend we've no secrets to
know,

Such idle opinions their ignorance show ;
While others, with raptures, cry out, they're
reveal'd,

'In Free-masons' bosoms they still lie con-
ceal'd.

We always, &c.

Coxcomical pedants may say what they can,
Abuse us, ill use us, and laugh at our plan;
We'll temper our mortar, enliven our souls,
And join in a chorus o'er full flowing bowls.
We always, &c.

WHEN A LODGE, JUST AND PERFECT.

Tune—*Roast Beef of Old England.*

WHEN a lodge, just and perfect, is form'd
all aright,

The sun-beams celestial (altho' it be night)
Refulgent and glorious appear to the sight
Of hearty and faithful true Masons,
True Masons in heart, word, and act.

Their eastern mild ruler then lays the first
stone;

The Craftsmen, obedient, united as one,
Him copy, and cheerfully work till high
noon,

As hearty and faithful true Masons, &c.

Rough ashler they hew, and form by the
square,

By the level lay solids, and by the plumb-rear
Their uprights: Strength beautiful being the
care

Of hearty and faithful true Masons, &c.

Hence a building, by Wisdom contriv'd, does
arise,

Well fixt in the centre, sublime to the skies,
Which storms, thunder, war, and Time's en-
vy defies,

Blest labour of faithful true Masons, &c.

Strong net-work they carve—(its emblem they
know)—

Where lilies milk-white, and rich fruit seem
to grow ;

Concord, Peace, and Plenty :—How lovely
the show

To all hearty and faithful true Masons, &c.

No Babel distraction is heard, no debate ;

The cock's crow they heed not, the dog's
barking hate ;

Decorum they keep, and avoid idle prate,

Being hearty and faithful true Masons, &c.

Intent on their task, their labour's their plea-
sure,

Nor seems it, however, prolong'd beyond mea-
sure ;

But all appear tir'd most, when most at lei-
sure ;

* Such trusty true workmen are Masons, &c.

When dismiss'd—wages paid—and all satisf-
fy'd,

As loth to depart, they yet social abide,

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Join hands, with join'd hearts, toasting—Joy
e'er betide

All hearty and faithful true Masons, &c.

Then—brothers well met—charge right—and
let's sing,

Like ourselves, trebly thrice, to the Craft and
the King!

And crowning three cheers make the happy
lodge ring,

Proclaiming us happy true Masons, &c.

A MASON'S LIFE'S THE LIFE FOR ME.

Tune—*A Sailor's Life's a Life of woe.*

A Mason's life's the life for me,
With joy we meet each other,
We pass our time with mirth and glee,
And hail each friendly brother :
In lodge no party feuds are seen,
But careful we in this agree
To banish care or spleen.
The Master's call we one and all
With pleasure soon obey ;
With heart and hand we ready stand,
Our duty still to pay.

But when the glass goes round,
Then mirth and glee abound,
We're happy ev'ry soul ;
We laugh a little, we drink a little,
We work a little, we play a little,
Cho. We laugh, &c.
We sing a little, are merry a little,
And quaff the flowing bowl.
And quaff, &c.

See in the east the master stands,
The wardens South and West, Sir,
Both ready to obey command,
Find work, or give us rest, Sir,
The signal given, we all prepare,
With one accord obey the word,
To work by rule or square :
Or, if they please, the ladder raise,
Or plumb the level line ;
Thus we employ our time with joy,
Attending every sign.

But when the glass goes round,
Then mirth and glee abound,
We're happy ev'ry soul ;
We laugh a little, and drink a little,
We work a little, and play a little.
Cho. We laugh, &c.

• We sing a little, are merry a little,
And quaff the flowing bowl.
• And quaff, &c.

Th' Almighty said, " let there be light,"
 Effulgent rays appearing,
 Dispell'd the gloom, the glory bright
 To this new world was cheering :
 But unto Masonry alone,
 Another light, so clear and bright,
 In mystic rays then shone :
 From East to West it spread so fast,
 That, Faith and Hope unfurl'd,
 We hail with joy sweet Charity,
 The darling of the world.
 Then while the toast goes round,
 Let mirth and glee abound,
 Let's be happy every soul;
 We'll laugh a little, and drink a little,
 We'll work a little, and play a little.
Cho. We'll laugh, &c.
 We'll sing a little, be merry a little,
 And quaff the flowing bowl.
 And quaff, &c.

COME BOYS LET US MORE LIQUOR
 GET.

COME boys let us more liquor get,
 Since jovially we are all met,

Since jovially, &c.

Here none will disagree ;
Let's drink and sing, and all combine,
In songs to praise that art divine,
In songs, &c.

That's called Free-Masonry.

True knowledge seated in the head,
Do teach us Masons how to tread,
Do teach, &c.

The paths we ought to go ;
By which we ever friends create,
Drown care and strife, and all debate,
Drown care, &c.

Count none but fools our foe.

Here sorrow knows not how to weep,
And watchful grief is lull'd asleep,
And watchful, &c.

In our Lodge we know no care ;
Join hand in hand before we part,
Each Brother takes his glass with heart,
Each Brother, &c.

And toast some charming fair.

Hear me, ye gods, and whilst I live,
Good Masons and good liquor give,
Good Masons, &c.

Then always happy me ;
Likewise a gentle she I crave,

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Until I'm summon'd to my grave:
But when I'm summon'd to my grave,
Adieu my Lodge and she.

HAIL! MASONRY DIVINE.

HAIL! Masonry divine,
Glory of ages shine,
Long may'st thou reign;
Where'er thy Lodges stand,
May they have great command,
And always grace the land,
Thou art divine.

Great fabricks still arise,
And grace the azure skies,
Great are thy schemes;
Thy noble orders are
Matchless beyond compare,
No art with thee can share,
Thou art divine.

Hiram the architect,
Did all the Craft direct,
How they should build.

Chorus. Three Times.

Solomon, great Israel's king,
Did mighty blessings bring,
And left us room to sing,
Hail! royal art.

M

OF ALL THE PLACES IN THE TOWN.

Tune—*A begging we will go, &c.*

OF all the places in the town,
That's for instruction good,
There's none like to a Mason's lodge,
If rightly understood
And to the lodge we'll go, &c.

There what is good is to be learnt
From brethren just and true;
In harmony we all agree,
And deference pay where due.
And to the lodge we'll go, &c.

The master he is in the East,
Due homage to him pay;
The wardens, sitting in the West,
His will well pleas'd obey.
And to the lodge we'll go, &c.

The Craft and 'Prentices around
Their orders always take,
And in the rules of Masonry
Due progress daily make.
And to the lodge we'll go, &c.

And after we've our business done,
Then we rejoice and sing;
To our grand master take a glass,
And George the Third our King.
And to the lodge we'll go, &c.

WN.

Then if the master will permit;
 Dear Brethren, join with me ;
 To all Free-masons drink a health,
 And give them three times three.
 And to the lodge we'll go, &c.

FLOW THOU REGAL PURPLE
 STREAM.

FLOW thou regal purple stream,
 Tincted by the solar beam ;
 In my goblet sparkling rise,
 Cheer my heart and glad my eyes :
 Flow thou regal purple stream,
 Tincted by the solar beam ;
 In my goblet sparkling rise,
 Cheer my heart and glad my eyes :
 In my sparkling goblet rise,
 Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes.
 My brain ascend on Fancy's wing,
 'Noint me, wine, a jovial king :
 My brain ascend on Fancy's wing,
 'Noint me, wine, a jovial king :
 My brain ascend on Fancy's wing,
 'Noint me, wine, a jovial king,
 A jovial king, a jovial king, a jovial king.
 While I live, I'll lave my clay ;
 When I'm dead and gone away,
 Let my thirsty subjects say,
 A month he reign'd, and that was May :

While I live, I'll lave my clay ;
 When I'm dead, and gone away,
 Let my thirsty subjects say,
 A month he reign'd, but that was May :
 Let my thirsty, &c.

ANACREON, THEY SAY, WAS A JOLLY
 OLD BLADE.

ANACREON, they say, was a jolly old
 blade,
 A Grecian choice spirit, and poet by trade.
 Anacreon, they say, was a jolly old blade,
 A Grecian choice spirit, and poet by trade.
 To Venus and Bacchus, he tun'd up his
 lays ;
 For love and a bumper he sung all his days :
 For love and a bumper he sung all his days.
 He laugh'd as he quaff'd still the juice of the
 vine,
 And tho' he was human, was look'd on di-
 vine ;
 At the feast of good humour he always was
 there,
 And his fancy and sonnets still banish'd dull
 care.
 Good wine, boys, says he, is the liquor of
 Jove,
 'Tis our comfort below and their nectar
 above :

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Then while round the table the bumper we
pass,
Let the toast be to Venus and each smiling
lass.

Apollo may torment his catgut or wire,
Yet Bacchus and Beauty the theme must in-
spire,

Or else all his humming and strumming is
vain,

The true joys of heav'n he'd never obtain.

To love and be lov'd how transporting the
bliss

While the heart-cheering glass gives a zest to
each kiss;

With Bacchus and Venus we'll ever com-
bine,

For drinking and kissing are pleasures divine.

As sons of Anacreon then let us be gay,

With drinking and love pass the moments
away;

With wine and with beauty let's fill up the
span,

For that's the best method, deny it who can.

YE LADS OF TRUE SPIRIT.

YE lads of true spirit, pay courtship to cla-
ret

Releas'd from the trouble of thinking :

A fool long ago said we could nothing know ;

The fellow knew nothing of drinking.

To pore over Plato, or practise with Cato,
 Dispassionate dunces might make us:
 But men, now more wise, self-denial despise,
 And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Big-wig'd, in fine coach, see the doctor ap-
 proach;

He solemnly up the stairs paces;
 Looks grave—smells his cane—applies finger
 to vein,

And counts the repeats with grimaces.
 As he holds pen in hand, life and death are at
 stand—

A toss-up which party shall take us.
 Away with such cant—no prescriptions we
 want,

But the nourishing nostrum of Bacchus.

We jollily join in the practice of wine,
 While misers 'midst plenty are pining;
 While ladies are scorning, and lovers are
 mourning, [ing.

We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whin-
 Drink, drink, now 'tis prime; toss a bottle to
 Time,

He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us:
 His threats we prevent, and his cracks we ce-
 ment,

By the styptical balsam of Bacchus.

What work is there made by the newspaper
 trade,

Of this man's and t'other man's station!

The inns are all bad, and the outs are all
mad ;

In and out is the cry of the nation.
The politic patter which both parties chatter
From bumpering freely shan't shake us :
With half pints in hand, independent we'll
stand

To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motions well tim'd ; be all charg'd and
all prim'd :

Have a care—right and left—and make
ready.

Right hand to glass join—at your lips rest
your wine—

Be all in your exercise steady.

Our levels we boast, when our women we
toast ;

May graciously they undertake us !

No more we desire—so drink and give fire,

A volley to Beauty and Bacchus !



BACCHUS ONE DAY GAILY STRID- ING.

BACCHUS one day gaily striding
On his never-failing tun,
Sneaking empty pots deriding,
Thus address'd each toping son :—

Praise the joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid shrine;
All things noble, gay, and airy,
Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.

Ancient heroes, crown'd with glory,
Owe their noble rise to me;
Poets wrote the flaming story,
Fir'd by my divinity.

If my influence is wanting,
Music's charms but slowly move;
Beauty, too, in vain lies panting,
Till I fill the swains with love.

If you crave a lasting pleasure,
Mortals, this way bend your eyes;
From my ever-flowing treasure,
Charming scenes of bliss arise.

Here's the soothing balmy blessing,
Sole dispeller of your pain;
Gloomy souls from care releasing,
He, who drinks not, lives in vain!

'TIS YOU AND ONLY YOU I LOVE.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

YOU ask me what sort of a maid I approve,
Few words will explain my desire,
Her face must be fair as the mother of love,
Like hers are the charms I admire.

With a highdown, hey down, high down a day,
Search around, and around on a long summer's
day,

And when one so fair and so lovely you find,
You'll certainly know the dear maid to my
mind,

And believe me, dear Sally, 'tis you,
And you on'y I love; 'tis you, and you only
I love.

Bright beauty alone could not conquer my
heart,

The maid of my mind must have more,
More charms to enslave than beauty's keen
dart,

Her wit and good sense I adore.

With a high down, &c.

Not beauty and wit and good sense all com-
bin'd,

Cou'd fix me her servant for life,
But her temper so sweet and manners so kind,
Are charms that I seek in a Wife.

THE TRANQUIL THATCH.

Sung by Mr. Inceden.

YOU say my cottage, incomplete,
Yields not the joys of life:
I love th' unfinish'd blest retreat,
I love its guest, my wife:

Beneath the thatch content can sleep,
And labour reap its joys :
For others woes alone I weep,
No care my breast annoys.

The gilded roof, the vaulted dome,
The massy pile of plate,
Bespeak, I grant, the splendid home—
But envy preys on state :
Be mine to boast the tranquil thatch,
Content, domestic ease—
Tho' grandeur scorns to lift the latch,
Has grandeur joys like these?

Mark too how throbs the courtier's breast
Beneath the glitt'ring star ;
A stranger still to peaceful rest,
With calm delight at war.
Yon curling smoke that tops the trees,
Reveals the lov'd retreat ;
And, wafted by the passing breeze,
Shews happiness complete.

THE LITTLE SINGING GIRL.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

I'M turn'd of twenty and a maid—
Indeed, kind sirs, believe it true :
And yet I am somehow afraid,
I must unmarried live for you.

O will no one take me for life ?

'Tis very hard, I needs must tell,
Indeed I'll make a loving wife,

Tho' but a little finging girl—

A little merry finging girl.

'Tis true I wander here and there,
Just like a mendicant for bread:

But, gentle sirs, reviling spare,

Nor cast suspicion on my head.

My virtue is without a stain,

Nor will I e'er that jewel sell—

Ah! no, it spotless shall remain—

Tho' but a little finging girl—

A little merry finging girl.

But come, I want a husband too,

And one I will have soon or late ;

So, Bachelors, I aim at you :—

Who'll venture in the marriage state ?

Come, who bids up for me for life ?

Nay, don't be doubting, that's not well !—

Indeed, I'll make a loving wife,

Tho' but a little finging girl—

A little merry finging girl.

ON ADMIRAL NELSON's VICTORY.

Tune—*All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree.*

FROM the Mouth of the Nile, flush'd with
glory, behold ! [told ;

What tidings are brought, and how pleasingly

The darling of Neptune, of Britain the pride,
Strikes terror to France, and her schemes has
annoy'd.

CHORUS.

All shall yield to thy sovereignty,
Blest Britannia bend to thee;
Gallia's proud sons shall trembling own,
The glorious deeds by Britons done.

Of Russell's achievements tradition may boast,
And tell at La Hogue how his fleet swept the
coast;

But the conquest which Nelson so nobly has
won,
All the deeds of the fam'd Ninety-two has
out done.

Chorus—All shall yield, &c.

The sun never witness'd till this happy year,
A contest so lasting, so close and severe;
The stoutest built ships, Egypt ever beheld,
To strike to the brave British flag were com-
pell'd.

Chorus—All shall yield, &c.

Unpitied, her folly shall Gallia mourn,
Her tri-colour'd streamers are terribly torn!
Her favourite is lost, the grand scheme's over-
thrown,
And her much boasted fleet to destruction is
gone.

Chorus—All shall yield, &c.

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ALONE, BESIDE A STREAM.

Sung by Miss Howells, last season, at Vauxhall.

ALONE, beside a stream,
Sat pretty pretty Sally,
Love was all the theme,

Of pretty pretty Sally :

She sigh'd and told her tale of woe,
That Jockey promis'd long ago,
That he would wed when he return'd,
And here alone his absence mourn'd,

Crying still, a well-a-day !

Why does Jockey stay

From me his true-love Sally.

Behind a fragrant hawthorn shade,
Observing well the blooming maid,
There stood the swain, just new return'd,
Whilst here his absence thus she mourn'd;

Crying still, a well-a-day, &c.

He seiz'd her pretty hand so white,
And swore he'd wed before 'twas night;
She smil'd consent, cast care away,
And blessing now the happy day,

No more cries, a well-a-day, &c.

A I R.

As Jasper, in the Musical Drama of the Outlaws.

EPICURUS of old was a fine eating fellow,
All the day would he gorge, and at night
get quite mellow ;

But good cooking then was but little known,
Sir,

Tho' ragouts and kickshaws are now all the
ton, Sir.

Masticate, denticate, chump, grind, and
swallow.

Your Spartans eat black broth, and drank of
the fountain,

Give me a chick's bosom, and a glass of pure
mountain ;

The Turks they chew opium—your Hindoos
eat rice, Sir,

But of Westmoreland ham give me a stout
slice, Sir,

Masticate, &c.

Your Bramins won't touch flesh—but (hem)
flesh of the quick, Sir,

Give me venison touch'd—with fat an inch
thick, Sir,

With quantum sufficit of nice currant jelly,
The palate to coax, and to humour the belly.

Masticate, &c.

On trifles like these then, as I'm a sinner,
A man ought to starve who could not make a
dinner ;

Thus plain things I love, as you plainly see,
Sir,

For venison and turtle are good enough for me,
Sir.

Masticate, &c.

IN MY SILVER MUSLIN GAY.

In Reform'd in Time.

IN my silver muslin gay,
 I shall blaze, superbly drest ;
 Frisk and flaunt my hours away,
 Strut as proudly as the best :
 Rattling bloods, when I appear,
 Lisp and swear, as sweet as candy ;
 Nod and cry—' How do, my dear ?
 Dem'me, Jack, she's quite the dandy :
 Don't you know,
 She's all the go ;
 Leads the fashions,
 Fires the passions,
 Zounds, you block ! why it's little dashing
 Handy.'

I VOW'D TO LOVE HIM DEARLY.

In Time of Need.

IEARLY found my tender heart,
 Too apt to take a lover's part ;
 And sometimes lost, or nearly :
 I straight resolv'd to be a wife,
 And whomsoever I chose for life,
 I vow'd to love him truly, dearly.
 Around me then came many a lad ;
 Some for the little wealth I had,
 And some for fancy merely ;

I still was deaf to all they said,
 For I resolv'd no man to wed,
 Till I should love him truly, dearly.
 But soon my will to one inclin'd,
 For my true sailor told his mind,
 In honest plainness clearly;
 Ah! never let my sailor doubt,
 Tho' far he roam the world about,
 His girl will love him truly, dearly.

MELTON OYSTERS.

Sung by Mrs. Johannot.

COME here am I, my goods to sell,
 Who wants the little oyster girl;
 I've various sorts, both great and small,
 And natives too, will please you all,
 'They're three a penny, that's the price,
 Come here they are both plump and nice;
 D'ye you want any large oysters?
 Thy're five a-penny, oysters;
 Who'll buy my Melton oysters?

Thus every day devoid of woe,
 About the streets I daily go;
 Now screaming here, now bawling there,
 I up and down my trade declare;
 And like the woodlark gay and free,
 My morning song is sure to be,
 D'ye want any, &c.

Tho' not so smart as other folks,
 I am content, and crack my jokes ;
 For me the 'squire will leave his miss,
 And squeeze my hand to steal a kiss :
 But, ah ! I know what means his leer,
 And still keep bawling in his ear,
 D'ye want any, &c.

NOW LISTEN, MY HONIES.

In the Mouth of the Nile.

NOW listen my honies awhile if you please,
 And a comical story I'll tell soon,
 Of a neat little fellow well known on the seas,
 And his name it was Admiral Nelson ;
 I'm sure you have all of you heard of the same,
 How he fought like the devil where-ever he
 came :

Spoken) And may be the Dutch, Spaniards
 and French, won't have plenty of cause to
 remember the name,
 Of my tight little Admiral Nelson.

His arm having lost at the damn'd Teneriffe,
 Never mind, says he, I shall get well soon,
 I shall catch them one day, as you see lads,
 and if

They escape me, blame Admiral Nelson ;

To doubt what I promise were mighty absurd,
For I've left them my hand as a pledge of my
word:

Spoken) And so he did faith, arm and all,
and good security it was faith, for the old
Proverb says, 'That one hand in the bush
is worth two in the bird,'
So success to brave Admiral Nelson.

At length, by my faith, it would make the
dead smile.

Just to hear what Sir Horace befeel soon,
The French took a trip to the Banks of the
Nile,

To make work for brave Admiral Nelson;
Arrah faith he fell in with them close to the
land,

And he stuck in their skirts as you'll soon un-
derstand:

Spoken) And faith the devil himself wou'd
have laugh'd to see how he leather'd the
French with one hand;

Oh! the world for brave Admiral Nelson.

On the first of sweet August, you know that's
the day,

As the boatmen of London can tell soon,
When for coats and for badges they all row'd
away,

Little thinking of Admiral Nelson,

Who then won a badge of so brilliant a cast,
That its mem'ry with Britons for ever will
last:

Spoken) And every first of August, while the
health of Nelson floats in the glass, the li-
quor shall be enrich'd with a tear to the
mem'ry of the brave fellows who fell on
the occasion; and come as many First of
Augusts as there will, there's no First of
August can beat the last.

When the French met with Admiral Nelson.

THE CHACE.

NOW mounted—soho—away let us go,
While pleasure and health flow apace:
The game is in view, then quickly pursue,
And follow the joys of the chace.

See yonder, see where the poor tim'rous hare
Is seeking a safe lurking place;
Then let's not delay—hark, yonder, away!
We'll follow the joys of the chace.

With hound and with horn all dangers we
scorn,

All sorrow forget in the race;
Our hearts are so light, we join in the flight,
And follow the joys of the chace.

Now, now, we are near, she trembles with fear,
 Our pleasure begins to increase:
 She falls in the way—sing bravo! huzza!
 O such are the joys of the chace.

GRIZZLE.

'T WAS one morning in May, the weather
 but queer,
 Rather hazy, a sort of a mizzle,
 When with a love song I was shot through the
 ear,
 By a maid, and her name it was Grizzle.
 The Graces might dance to the tune of her
 song,
 All warbling and running her rigs:
 With a bucket of wash as she tript it along,
 Just going to feed the pigs—Tig, tig, tig,
 Then to hear the old sow ask the little pig,
 My love, have you got enough,
 And the little pig cry oui, oui, oui,
 Speaking French, to shew her breeding, d'ye
 see—
 Why a bench of judges might have shook their
 wigs,
 To hear the likes of the fun and the rigs,
 While lovely Grizzle was feeding her pigs.

The next time I saw her was at a barn door,
 Dress'd in petticoat, sleeves and a boddice;
 What art thou? said I, for I'm not very sure,
 Art a fairy, a witch, or a goddess?

The muses in vain would describe her in song,
 'Steal of nine had they seventy pens;
 As graceful the barley she scatter'd along,
 All feeding the cocks and the hens.

Coop biddy, coop biddy cup!

Then to see all the chickens come tremb-
 ling up,

While Chanticlear called to his hens, clook,
 clook, clook, clook, clook, clook,
 Took, took, took, took, took, took, took,
 took;

Not the hens and the cocks, nor the cocks and
 the hens;

Tho' their tails and their wings were all made
 into pens,

Could e'er describe Grizzle, while feeding the
 hens.

To Grizzle I'm married, so blest ne'er was
 man,

We have children the best part of twenty—
 So we try to maintain 'em as well as we can,
 While content turns our pittance to plenty.

If the great their dependants and parasites own,
 So do we, for the dogs and the cats,
 Come flatt'ring round for a scrap or a bone,
 While we'er feeding our sweet little brats.

Diddle, liddle, liddle, come then in lap,
 Then I awkwardly burn the child's mouth
 with the pap;
 Then to hear the sweet music, yah, yah, yah,
 yah, yah, yah, yah, yah,
 Hush, hush, hush, hush, come to its mama.
 Miaw, bow wow, oh! he has let his sister
 fall!

(You little dog, I'll knock your brains out.)
 Blest with children and wife, and my dogs and
 my cats,
 Throw settlements, titles, and deeds to the
 rats,
 Give me my sweet Grizzle, while feeding her
 brats.

OUR LIFE'S A MERE RACE.

Sung at the Circus.

OUR life's a mere race, in which all have
 their views,
 Where its one's chance to win, and another's
 to lose;
 Where oft whim, not merit, procure a good
 hit,
 And sometimes 'tis found that the biter is bit.
 The race course throng'd late met the eye,
 And jockies mounted, bets ran high;

'Twas sport, 'twas glorious fun :
'Sdeath ! neck and neck they skimm'd so
neat :

'Twas Hambletonian won the heat :
The bets near two to one.

Yet Diamond too seem'd to fly ;
Zounds ! with what ease he pass'd him by ;

Ten thousand—Done, done, done :
Such betting then !—Such glorious din :
The race is his—he'll surely win !—

'Twas then the pull begun :
They beat the wind, we lost 'm quite,
Again they darted into fight :

Huzza ! 'twas nobly run.

Spoke.)—Clear the course, was the cry ; make
room there ; don't you see they're coming
in :—a dead heat for a hundred !—Then
such a noise and hubbub of—

Children prattling, phætons rattling,
Sportsmen betting, black legs fretting,
Drolls a funning, dogs a running,
Tripping, whipping, dashing, splashing,
Whurring, spurring, cracking, smacking,
Swearing, tearing, bawling, squalling,

Two to one, and nine to four ;
You five hundred—you a score—
A thousand, d—me !—I twelve to ten—
I take you—done—and done again !

Spurs to fides the jockies clap :
 Zounds ! a million to a rap.
 Huzza—they pass the winning-post !
 I've won—oh no ! by Jove I've lost !
 How is it ?—'Sdeath !—is that the case ?
 Yes—Hambletonian won the race !

BLUE-EYED MARY.

Tune—*The High Mettled Racer.*

IN a cottage embosom'd within a deep shade,
 Like a rose in a desert, oh ! view the meek
 maid,
 Her aspect all sweetness, all plaintive her eye,
 And a bosom for which e'en a monarch might
 sigh.
 Then in neat Sunday gown see her met by the
 Squire,
 All attraction her countenance, his all desire.
 He accosts her, she blushes, he flatters, she
 smiles,
 And soon blue-eyed Mary's seduc'd by his
 wiles.
 Now with drops of contrition her pillow's wet
 o'er,
 But the fleece when once stain'd can know
 whiteness no more.
 The aged folks whisper, the maidens look shy,
 To town the Squire presses, how can she deny ?

There! behold her in lodgings, she dresses in
style,

Public places frequents, sighs no more, but
reads Hoyle,

Learns to squander, they quarrel, his love
turns to hate,

And soon blue-eyed Mary is left to her fate.

Still of beauty possess'd, and not yet void of
shame,

With a heart that recoils at the prostitute's
name,

She tries for a service, her character's gone,

And for skill at her needle, alas! 'tis un-
known!

Pale want now approaches, the pawnbroker's
near,

And her trinkets and clothes one by one disap-
pear;

'Till at length sorely pinch'd, and quite despe-
rate grown,

The poor blue-eyed Mary is forc'd on the
town.

In a brothel next see her trick'd out to allure,
And all ages, all humours, compell'd to en-
dure,

Compell'd, though disgusted, to wheedle and
feign,

With an aspect all smiles, and a bosom all
pain;

Now carefs'd, now insulted, now flatter'd, now
 scorn'd,
 And by ruffians and drunkards oft' wantonly
 spurn'd,
 This worst of all misery she's doom'd to en-
 dure,
 For the poor blue-eyed Mary is now an im-
 pure.
 While thus the barb'd arrow sinks deep in her
 soul,
 She flies for relief to that traitor the bowl;
 Grows stupid and bloated, and lost to all shame,
 Whilst a dreadful disease is pervading her
 frame.
 Now with eyes dim and languid the once
 blooming maid,
 In a garret on straw, faint and helpless is laid:
 Oh! mark her pale cheek, see, she scarce takes
 her breath;
 And lo! her blue eyes are now seal'd up in
 death!—

SPORTSMAN'S GLEE.

AWAY from the field, fellow sportsmen,
 away!
 Behold the fierce boar to our courage a prey!
 His strength and his anger are dreadful no
 more;
 Away from the field for our pastimes are o'er.

Home, home, home!

How we chac'd him when rous'd from the woods,
O'er hedges, thro' brakes, and thro' floods;

O'er mountain and vale,

O'er meadow and dale,

While echo around high and low,

Replied to our hey trolly, trolly, trollilo!

Hark! hark! the glad horn tells the felon is
slain,

The shouts of the villagers rise from the plain,

The herdsman exults in the death of his foe,

And blesses the hunters, as homeward they go.

Home, home, home!

The foe be the theme of our song,

While in triumph we bear him along;

Till the villages ring,

As we jovially sing,

And echo around high and low,

Reply to our hey trolly, trolly, trollilo!

THE POACHER.

IN poaching all mankind delight,

Late and early prizing dearly;

Ev'ry scheme by day and night,

To wire-draw one another:

Friends to trap the wit will try,

He tips the wink, and cocks his eye,

And while he looks so wond'rous sly,

Makes game e'en of his brother—

Smokes the joke,
 What fool so dull,
 Always grinning,
 Mouthling, chinning,
 Let us quiz
 His ugly phiz,
 Giggling whilst he's grinning.

See Miss and Madam, by their snares,
 Painted faces, stupid graces,
 All for catching unawares,
 Flights of gamesome lovers :
 Madam plays the harfichols,
 And squalls affected rigmarols,
 While Miss in dancing reels and rolls,
 New steps for leers discovers—
 Head and tail
 Along she'll sail,
 Down the middle
 Turn and fiddle,
 With a fitch
 And capering hitch,
 To the true Scotch fiddle.

TANTIVY, MY BOYS, TANTIVY.

YE dull sleeping mortals of ev'ry degree,
 Awake at the sound of my song ;
 Ye sluggards arise and to hunting with me,
 Tantivy I'll lead you along,

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O'er mountains and vallies, o'er woodlands and
dales,

And forests impervious to sight,

I'll lead, if my argument with you prevails,

I'll lead you brave boys to delight.

Tantivy, brave boys, &c.

Hygea i'm call'd by the sages of old,

The goddess presiding o'er health;

Then venture, like heroes, with me, and be
bold,

Tantivy you'll add to your wealth:

For riches, believe me's a bubble at best,

If health should forget to attend:

Then haste, my brave boys, in pursuit of the
guest,

And she will your wishes befriend.

Tantivy, my boys, &c.

In courts or in cities its not to be found,

Where folly has fix'd her retreat,

But hasten with me o'er the green mantled
ground,

Tantivy, tantivy, repeat:

The ruddy complexion that crimsons the face,

The elegant glow on the cheek,

Far sweeter than riches are found by the chase,

And these are the pleasures we seek.

Tantivy, my boys, &c.

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GLEE.

In the Naval Pillar.

WE come, ye guardians of our isle,
Our gratitude to prove,
Be ye, who nobly prize our smile,
Rewarded by our love.

To crown your valour be our care,
The brave alone deserve the fair.

Cho. With a fal, la, la, &c.

While to the world, your well earn'd fame,
A grateful land imparts,
We wear each gallant sailor's name
Engraven on our hearts.

Those hearts accept to crown your care,
The brave alone deserve the fair.

Each British lass shall proudly own,
A British sailor's deeds,
While royal Charlotte from her throne,
The bright example leads.

To pay their toils be still our care,
The brave alone deserve the fair.

RECITATIVE. BRITANNIA.

Britons, your country's gratitude behold,
Thus be each deed of naval worth enroll'd,
While to your valour we this tribute raise,
Heroes *departed* claim alike our praise.

They, well rewarded for their glorious toil
Now look with kind regard on Britain's Isle,
Receive each hero of the British fleet,
And welcome *Howe* to his celestial seat.

BEHOLD US READY FOR THE FIGHT.

THUS, sir, behold us ready for the fight,
Curling our whiskers like cats in the
night !

There stand the enemy, here are we,—
All so cool, 'twould amaze you to see:—
But give the command—sabre in hand !

On like a tempest, the cavalry rushes !
The foe give way, the where they lay
O'erthrown, like so many gooseberry
bushes !

Pell mell, helter skelter, topsy turvy,
ho !

Such are the joys of a Hessian soldier !

Victory ! victory ! now we cry,—

Follow the enemy, see how they fly !

There the republicans are put to the rout,—

There go the infidels, horse and foot ;

Kill is the word ;—fire and sword,

Fly through the field like lightning and
thunder ;

Till knocked on the head they all lie
dead,

And then we conquerors all go to
plunder !

Ding dong, harum scarum, topsy tur-
vy, ho !

Such are the joys of a Hessian foldier !

COME ROUSE FROM YOUR TRANCES.

COME rouse from your trances,
The fly morn advances,
To catch sluggish mortals in bed ;
Let the horn's jocund note
In the wind sweetly float,
While the fox from the brake lifts his head ;
Now creeping,
Now peeping,
The fox from the brake lifts his head.)

Each man to his steed,
Your goddesss shall lead,
Come follow, my worshippers, follow ;
For the chace all prepare,
See the hounds snuff the air,
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hollow !

Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
See Reynard breaks cover,
The hunters fly over the ground ;
Now they dart down the lane,
Now they skim o'er the plain,
And the hills, woods, and vallies resound.

Then away with full speed,
Your goddeſs ſhall lead,
Come follow my worſhippers, follow ;
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
If you ſtop you're too late ;
Hark, hark, to the huntſman's ſweet hollow.
Then away with full ſpeed, &c.

JACOB GAWKEY'S RAMBLE TO
BATH.

Tune—*Ally Croaker.*

UP and down, round about, al the ſtreets I
paraded,
And zeen beaux who didn't know their beauties
war vaded,
Their cuoates war zoo cut away—breeches to
expoſe, zur,
And heads zoo bevrizz'd—curdles cover'd
half their noſe, zur.
Their cuoates war zoo, &c.

Then the ladies zoo drefs—they do bury all
their chin, zur,
Zoo lac'd in the middle—to look taper and
thin, zur,
While behind, hoops and all; they do need
nothing moor, zur,
But weight enow to balance what they carry
here avore, zur,
Behind hoops, &c.

How I laugh'd, O my zides, to zee some la-
dies walking,
Al about vast asleep! and what's more, they
were talking,
But in a dream, I suppose, vor al round about
their heads, zur,
The curtains war drawn, just as tho' they
war in bed, zur,
In a dream, &c.

In the Crezzunt, 'tis as fine a place as ever I
did zee, zur,
The beaux shorten paces with the belles to a
ree, zur,
Niddle, noddle, to and fro—and to view each
that passes,
For fear their eyes should wear out, they do
stare dro looking glasses.
Niddle, noddle, &c.

But pretending short zight, zarves a good turn
enow, too,
They can auverlook those that they don't wish
to bow to,
And at beauties can squinny with their glasses
cock'd so close, zur,
Zometimes you would think, they war hook'd
nose by nose, zur.
At beauties, &c.

In the pump room vull cram'd—'tis a zight
for to zee, zur, [zur,
And stranger to tell, there all ranks do agree,

Vor leek corks in a box, stuck upright cheek
by jowl, zur,

Push but one, and bob goes the bodies of the
whole, zur.

Leek corks, &c.

But what pleas'd I the mauft, war to zee in
fine weather, [leather;

Vine volk ride about in them things made of
While two men wid long polls—all the world
like a bier, zur,

Trot along with the corpse—stuck an end in
the air, zur,

Two men, &c.

Now you'll hardly believe, but you may if it
please ye, [eazy,

That I got a ride in one—I thought 'twar zoo
Trot along they did go—I went bibbity bob,
zur, [Mimics the chairman.

And now and then, bang 'gainst the zide went
my nob, zur,

Along they, &c.

But all at once they did stop—because they—
could not pafs, zur,

And pop! I could not help it, went my noddle
dro the glafs, zur,

Then quite overzet—dro the casement they
haul'd me,

Dang it! I shall never vorget how they maul'd
me!

Quite overzet, &c.

Al about war such racketing, such rioting,
and ringing,

Zuch crying, and laughing, and vidling, and
zinging,

And at night—here and there zivil leadies
zoo pretty!

Do zay—How d'ye do, zur, wherever they
do meet ye.

At night, &c.

At last having zeed al the zights and fine
places,

Zhops, baths, rooms, parades, and a zight
o' strange vaces,

I thought I'd come here, tho' my tale made
ye laugh, zurs,

To tell ye this zight pleases I the best by half,
zurs!

[*Viewing the audience.*]

I thought, &c.

Now don't ye, dread critics—zhew a spark of
ill-nature,

My wish is to please—you may read in each
feature,

O the pleasure of pleasing, my wish shall be
for ever,

And you al to please—be my constant en-
deavour.

The pleasure of pleasing, &c.

TOASTS

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

LONG live the king that seeks his people's love.

Society's best blessings—Temperance and harmony.

May we never insult the misfortunes of others.

The dog tax; and may that on puppies, when levied, be more productive.

May the physic administered by Dr. Temperance, starve all the quacks in England.

The first tribute due to friendship—gratitude.

May the smiles of conjugal affection compensate the frowns of fortune.

May the spirit of contradiction be laid asleep, while conviviality and good-humour are enlivened by the juice of the vine.

The glory of Britain:—Firmness in the senate, valour in the field, and fortitude on the waves.

May treason lose the first letter, and Reason resume her throne.

Neptune's favourites——British sailors.

May we never want a Nelson, to shew the French we can beat them with one hand.

May Pat Brogue and John Bull be always hand and glove.

May all hands pull away for the haven of contentment.

May the wiles of the fox never reach the breast of pursuers.

The king of hearts, who conscientiously discharges his duty to gain the affections of his people.

May the coward never wear a red coat, nor the hypocrite a black one.

Frugality without meanness.

The hand that gives and the heart that forgives.

May the single be married, and the married live happy.

When wine enlivens the heart, may friendship surround the bottle.

The liberty of the Press, the bulwark of English liberty.

May all mankind enjoy the blessings of liberty.

May our lives last as long as they are worth wearing.

May the betrayer of female innocence, meet a reward due to his villainy.

May we never sacrifice at the shrine of deceit.

The friends we love, and the woman we dare trust.

May we never swear a man out of a just debt,
nor a credulous girl out of her virtue.

A generous heart, and a miser's fortune.

The face that never paints.

May our love of the glass never make us forget decency.

May we never want a bait when we fish for content.

The two most valuable jewels in the British crown, liberty and the people's love.

Peace and good government to all nations.

May the law be founded on liberty, and the people obedient to it.

The unity of hearts in the union of hands.

May we never feel want, nor want feeling.

Health in our sports, harmony in our cups,
and honesty in our lives.

Friendship in a palace, and falsehood in a dungeon.

When love attacks the heart, may honour be the proposer of a truce.

May the miscreant of obscenity ever be branded with the odium of atrocity.

May pride be disgraced, where she assumes to lead the van.

The old maid free from prattle, and the young one from leering.

May the actors of vice sink in the first scene.

May the scissars of experience clip the wings of extravagance,

May the honest heart never know distress,
Sincerity before marriage, and fidelity afterwards.

The abolition of the slave trade.

May the lamp of friendship be lighted with
the oil of sincerity.

May the devil never pay visits abroad, or receive company at home.

Ability to serve a friend, and honour to conceal it.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt and a guinea.

The harvest of life, love, wit, and good humour.

May the fair daughters of Britain be resplendent in beauty, virtue, and honour.

May the men leave roving, and women deceit.

May our pockets and desires always agree at the sight of an empty bowl.

May we learn to be frugal, before we are obliged to be so.

Addition to our trade, subtraction to our taxes, and multiplication to our manufactories.

Beauty's best companion—modesty.

COVENTRY:

Printed by Luckman & Suffield, Broad-gate.



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